

Catholic Digest

CEMBER
1958

35¢

Midnight Mass

Page 8



Holy Night.....	"The Young Ones"	14
<i>Mrs. Yeh and her little boy meet the Lord of Heaven people</i>		
My Memories of Pius XII.....	T. J. Kiernan	25
<i>Reminiscences of a former Irish minister to the Vatican</i>		
Husbands Are Fragile.....	Look	32
<i>But a man can live to be 100—with his wife's help</i>		
Emperor of the United States.....	The Lion	35
<i>No wonder his subjects mourned his passing</i>		
A Baby a Year.....	American Weekly	39
<i>The Sangerite was really shook</i>		
Peter Robotti to the Rescue.....	Kay Sullivan	42
<i>A famous restaurateur saves his home town from decay</i>		
Our Last Days Together.....	Harper's Bazaar	47
<i>How my beloved husband faced God's inevitable call</i>		
O Say Can You Sing It?.....	New York Times Magazine	53
<i>Our national anthem ranges far above most voices</i>		
Foods to Relax By.....	Cosmopolitan	57
<i>They can chase those butterflies out of your stomach</i>		
On the Highway of the King.....	Eugene McNerney	61
<i>Padre Serra's missions: intimate glimpses</i>		
The Week They Explored the Moon.....	Popular Science	66
<i>Would you have been taken in by the great "moon hoax"?</i>		
Ghost Cops Are Saving Lives.....	This Week	71
<i>Do violators deserve "a sporting chance"?</i>		
Sister Inez and the Witch.....	Donald John Giese	74
<i>Benedictine anthropologist braved jungles and mountains</i>		
Three Army Wives and Their Budgets.....	Margy Ecclesine	80
<i>Making ends meet on Governor's island</i>		
The Toss of a Coin.....	New York Journal American	87
<i>A vocation fostered won an increase from God</i>		
On the Line With Considine.....	Cosmopolitan	89
<i>All Bob wants is to go on being a reporter</i>		

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(Continued from inside front cover)

My Christmas in Rome.....	North Carolina Catholic	94
<i>Christmas comes quietly to the Eternal City</i>		
"Hot Dogs" for Friday.....	Aubrey B. Haines	97
<i>A Church law evokes a new food product</i>		
The Electronic Classroom Arrives.....	The Sign	100
<i>Walkie-talkie goes to school</i>		
That Army-Navy Game.....	Sport	105
<i>Where anticipation is worse than realization</i>		
Life at My Fingertips.....	From the book	110
<i>What it is like to live without sight or hearing</i>		
What Would You Like to Know About the Church?.....	J. D. Conway	122
<i>"Spiritually we are all Semites"</i>		
The Open Door.....	4 In Our Parish.....	65
In Our House.....	38 New Words for You.....	86
The Perfect Assist.....	46 Hearts Are Trumps.....	96
Flights of Fancy.....	56 People Are Like That.....	104

Catholic Digest Book Club Selection, 10

Cover painting by William E. Luberoff

(See "Midnight Mass," page 8)

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WHEN SWEDE LARSON was assigned as my prowler-car partner I was not very happy about it. I was twice his age, and would have preferred a more experienced man to patrol Chicago's toughest section with me. Within a month, though, Swede proved himself, not only as an officer but as a man.

After we had been partners for several months, Swede wearily consented to accompany me on a Friday night to a retreat conducted by the Franciscan Fathers at Mayslake, Ill., insisting at the same time that he had never had a religion and was not interested. You can imagine, then, how delighted I was during the retreat lectures to see the expression on Swede's face change from boredom to mild attention to profound interest.

As we drove home, he said, "I used to think you Catholics were a little touched; I didn't realize that a practicing Catholic could be a human being. But those priests were telling us we shouldn't be anything else but. I didn't hear a narrow-minded opinion in the three days. They said God wants us to enjoy life as we go about cultivating the best part of our nature. Am I right?"

It was a sad day for me, only a week later, when Swede was transferred to the extreme South Side of Chicago. I neither saw him nor heard much about him until emergency duty at a housing unit took me to the South Side a few

weeks ago. One morning as I was at Mass in a nearby church, I saw Swede Larson at the Communion railing! I did not get a chance to speak to him. But I am convinced that had I not persuaded him to attend that retreat I would never have seen him receiving Christ in Holy Communion.

John Connolly.

WE HAD JUST MOVED, and our new neighbors gasped when our two preschool children went around proclaiming: "Mommy and daddy are going to get married tomorrow, and we are going to have a big party afterwards."

The children didn't have it exactly right, but there was a background.

When my husband and I were married, we were lax Protestants. After our first child was born, my husband started GI on-the-job training, and our finances became very limited. We decided to take in boarders.

One was a lovely Catholic girl whose charm inspired everyone she met. She became engaged to an equally fine Catholic boy, whom she married eventually. The four of us became very close friends, and our admiration for Lucille and John grew.

Our second child, a boy, was born while Lucille was still living with us. My husband and I wanted her and her friend John to be the baby's godparents. We gave the required assurances that the child would be raised a Catholic, and the baby was baptized in Lucille's church.

In time, we were able to move to a new little bungalow. But something was missing. One evening, my husband said, "Why don't we start out right in

(Continued on page 6)

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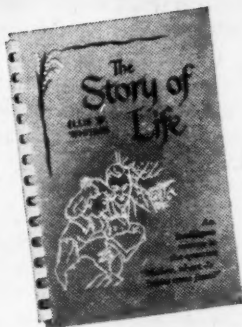
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In the book, you see generous praise by The Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. J. Westenberger, Ph.D., Pastor, St. John's Parish, Green Bay, Wis., former Superintendent of Schools, Catholic Diocese of Green Bay, and book review by St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, which concludes: "The work is highly recommended to parents by a number of cautious priests."

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Excerpts from The Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus will save teenagers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

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(Continued from page 4)

our new home as a complete Catholic family?" I was ready. The pastor of the local parish was kind; he instructed us and visited us often, and on our fifth wedding anniversary he gave us the nuptial blessing solemnly in church, St. Dominic's, Denver—the ceremony that our two youngsters had been advertising to the new neighbors.

Mrs. M. G. Plocus.

ALTHOUGH happily married to a good Catholic, I never gave any serious thought to religion until the afternoon my 12-year-old daughter burst into the house and without preliminaries blurted out: "Mum, please become a Catholic, and then you'll never divorce daddy."

My first impulse was to laugh; but her serious expression told me there was a good reason for her impetuous plea. Drawing her close to me, I asked, "Why do you say that, Sheila?"

"Well," she replied, "today Heather Thompson was crying because her father and mother have just been divorced. I told her not to worry. She said, 'You don't know how lucky you are, Sheila; your mummy and daddy will always be together because they're Catholics.'"

"I didn't tell her that you are not a Catholic, mummy, but the awfulest feeling came over me that if you got real angry with daddy sometime you might divorce him."

I held my daughter closer, and in a flash I realized for the first time the love and protection that the Catholic Church throws about her children. I think that at that moment I accepted without reservation all the doctrine known and unknown that she teaches.

Taking Sheila with me, I went straight to the parish priest and arranged for instructions.

S.M.C.

WHILE I WAS stationed at Gifu auxiliary airfield, Japan, as an intelligence operations specialist, an 18-year-old airman was assigned to me. He was highly intelligent but also quite a juvenile delinquent: the product of a broken home.

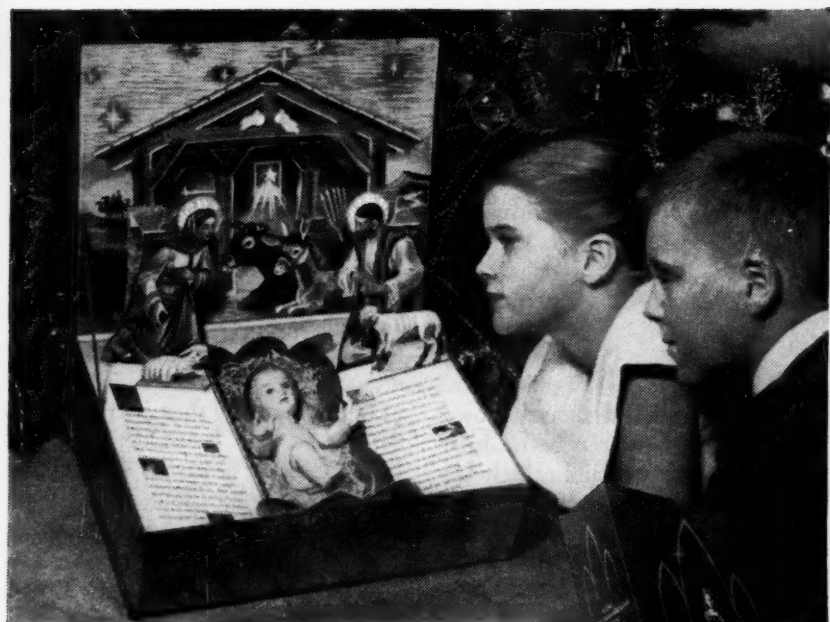
I tried to straighten him out by reasoning with him. I left books on religion around the room (he told me later that he did read them in my absence). It was to no avail, though he did keep out of the stockade.

At length, neither I nor others in the office could put up with him. He was consequently assigned outside his career field to another section. I heard that he ridiculed me often.

Six months later, to my amazement, he requested permission to return to work for me. He couldn't explain it, but he had come to feel a strong desire to be with me again. I told him I would have none of it. He persisted. His transfer was approved.

Now, we often spoke about religion. His prejudice, I found, sprang from two sources: unhappy experiences with certain religious fanatics and the opinions of his father. I urged him to form his own judgments. Because I'd had two years in a major seminary I was able to clarify many of his misconceptions. After three months of this, he accepted an offer of instructions. The Baltimore catechism became an official publication in our intelligence file, and whenever work slackened we pulled it out. John T. Fantini was baptized last Christmas eve.

S/Sgt. Roland W. Miville.



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Midnight Mass

For most of us, it is the most devotional way of greeting the newborn Child

OUR COVER picture shows a crowded church entrance at Christmas midnight Mass. Biblical scholars by the hundreds can argue when Christ was *really* born, but the millions of Americans who will flock to midnight Mass this Christmas know not only the day, but the hour. They can feel it in the still night, just as shepherds felt it 2,000 years ago.

This holy awe at Christmas midnight has been in mankind's subconscious for centuries. Peasants used to say that at midnight the cattle in their stables fell on their knees, and that all nature was suddenly stilled in adoration. A frontiersman recalls one Christmas midnight when he met a Christian Indian searching the woods for the deer who were kneeling to adore the Babe.

Midnight is also the time when some animals talk. The rooster crows, "*Christus natus est*" (Christ is born), and the ox bellows, "*Ubi?*" (Where?); the lamb baas, "*Bethlehem,*" and the donkey brays, "*Eamus!*" (Let us go!).

The custom of celebrating mid-

night Mass seems to have begun in Bethlehem itself. In 385 the pilgrim Etheria of Bordeaux records having attended Vespers and midnight Mass at Bethlehem and then joining a procession back to Jerusalem for Mass in the Church of the Anastasis. The feast day was not the Nativity, however, but Epiphany, the great Christmas feast in those days.

Since at least the 5th century, the Christmas midnight has been marked in Rome by Mass at the relic of the crib in St. Mary Major. In Bethlehem, after midnight Mass is over, a procession descends into the crypt of the Church of the Nativity. There a silver star in the marble floor marks what is believed to be the place of Christ's birth. The Gospel of the Nativity is sung until the words, "And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger." At these words the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem lifts an image of the Child and places it in the rock crib next to the star.

"For while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, thy almighty Word leapt down from heaven from thy royal throne."



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The Empty Shrine

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

IN *The Left Hand of God* and again in *The Sudden Strangers*, William Barrett gave us novels of bizarre plot and explosive emotion. In *The Empty Shrine*, Barrett rings the bell again.

His new book is laid in Quebec province. The Isle-Aux-Érables (Island of Maples) lies in the St. Lawrence river. Though the year is 1945, the island is still without electricity. Small farms stretch to the flowing waters on every side. The island is dotted with stone houses, faced with wood against the winter cold. The center of life for its people is the church of St. Thomas the Apostle.

Nearby is the home of Edward-Charles Rivard, the village notary. He is a widower whose whole life is centered on his only daughter, Valérie.

There is nothing to distinguish Valérie. She is merely another eight-year-old girl, "average in height, sturdy as most island children were sturdy, with large brown eyes and dark hair that would not curl without help." She has been loved and protected, and has no personal knowledge of unhappiness.

On July 30, 1945, her tranquillity is shattered. Valérie is helping her

Aunt Laure in the garden. A neighbor, Celeste Drolet, neurotic and unhappily married, arrives on the scene with her son Robert. Celeste has come to discuss her marriage problems with Aunt Laure. Since the discussion is not for children's ears, Valérie and Robert are sent down to the beach to gather shells.

En route the children meet Antonine Masson, adopted son of Benoit Masson, the local sexton and handy man. Antonine is a year younger than Valérie.

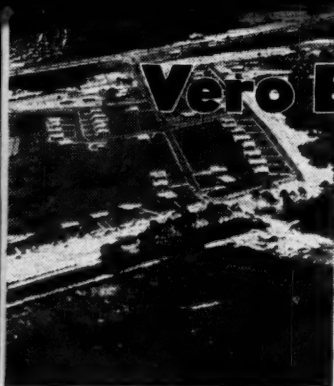
"Antonine was very shy, and when he spoke to anyone he always looked as though he had just stepped on a frog." Antonine loves Valérie and fears Robert Drolet, but he joins them on this excursion.

A stand of gorgeous birches marks the path to the beach. Valérie, enchanted, feels compelled to look up at the rock known as Little Point.

The rock is fairly high, rounded on top, and on its face the waters have hollowed out what looks like the frame of a door. There is no cave behind it.

Suddenly Valérie sees a blaze of light in the false front of the rock. A door seems to be opening from a

(Continued on page 12)



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(Continued from page 10)

dazzling room in the rock. Out of the door steps a woman dressed in white. She appears to be beckoning the little girl.

Valérie begs the two boys to look at the lady, who steps down and stands on the water. Robert and Antonine run away in fear. Their fear infects Valérie, and she too races from the spot.

André Drolet, Robert's older brother, finds the weeping Valérie on the road, and listens sympathetically to her story.

Father Bélanger, the pastor, conducts a formal investigation at which the Drolet boys and Antonine Masson are present. Rivard refuses to let anyone speak to Valérie. But word of the apparition gets out, and the island becomes famous. Newspaper correspondents, tourists, and pilgrims arrive.

The terrified Valérie finally speaks out to Father Bélanger. In her terror and confusion she takes refuge in the constantly repeated phrase, "I can't remember."

To the authorities it appears that Valérie has claimed to have seen a vision and then denied it. So the miracle at Isle-Aux-Erables drops from the news for 12 years. It comes into new prominence when a columnist, Keller Barclay, decides to investigate the occurrence.

Barclay hates all "miracle factories" for a personal reason. His non-Catholic wife, after being crippled in a plane crash, had gone to

Lourdes, seeking a cure. There on a day of rain and cold she died.

Barclay thereupon launched an exposé campaign directed at all the shrines of the Church. It seems to him that the vision at Isle-Aux-Erables, first proclaimed and then denied, offers him a club with which he can beat down the visions of Lourdes, La Salette, and other shrines.

Barclay interviews all those who played the chief roles on the day Valérie is supposed to have seen the vision.

Celeste Drolet denounces Valérie as a liar. Her son Robert makes fun of the whole affair. But André Drolet believes that Valérie did see a vision, and Antonine Masson still believes in Valérie.

Valérie has grown into a subtly attractive woman. Barclay finds that he is attracted to her, in spite of himself. She has little or nothing to say of the great day in her life.

The tensions mount and the evidences and personalities begin to reveal themselves. Then in a final night of physical violence, followed by an afternoon of calm on the beach of Anse-St.-Jean, Barclay finds out the shattering truth and the answers to all his questions and surmises.

The Empty Shrine is published by Doubleday & Co., New York, at \$3.95 (to Catholic Digest Book Club members, \$2.95). To join the club, write to the Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 81, 100 Sixth Ave., New York City 13.

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Holy Night

*Why did those Lord of Heaven
people hold a winter festival?*

COLD, COLD. The young Chinese woman stood up from her rickety stool and stamped her feet on the pavement. She pulled her padded jacket together and, using her sleeves as a muff, thrust her hands inside them. *Ai ya!* It was only a few days past the Winter Solstice, and here it was really cold already! What would the Slight Cold be like, then, that was so soon to come? And as for the Great Cold, it was better not to think about it.

She looked down at her stall: a little tray on stilts, with tiny compartments to hold her few little wares. She sold buttons mostly—when she sold anything. There were some pieces of ribbon, papers of pins, and other knickknacks. All day long sitting and standing there, and she had sold hardly a thing.

The young woman did not show her discouragement. Nor did she really feel it very deeply. Cold weather and few sales were accustomed difficulties to her. Her ruddy, moon-round face was serene and matter-of-fact.

"Well, you've got to expect some cold weather in December," she told herself. "I've often seen it worse than this. And it's a good time to sell the pickled Fukien olives, maybe. Yes, with business bad like this, I think I had better try it again tonight. Maybe Great Favor will get tired and fall asleep on me. Still, if he does, I can pick him up and go home again. That's the way it has to be, anyhow. Can't leave him there alone."

"It's good he is so sturdy and strong. I'm surprised that he doesn't mind the cold more. Of course, so far I've got him wrapped up pretty well. And when the Great Cold comes I can make another little suit for him out of my jacket, maybe, and just put it on top of the one he has. Yes, that will help. And I don't really need it so much."

"Ma!" said a voice, not very loud,

Bishop Walsh, who was one of Maryknoll's six original students and later its superior general, has been held by the communists under house arrest in Shanghai since 1951.

a few feet away. It came from the other side of a big wooden pillar that jutted out a few feet from a shop front. She bent forward a trifle and turned her face slightly as if to peep around the pillar. Then she suddenly withdrew her face, with a faint smile.

A little face suddenly showed half of itself around the edge of the pillar, gave a slow smile, and then drew back again very much as she had done. It was the face of a year-and-a-half-old boy with chubby cheeks and big round eyes. She repeated her performance and so did the little boy, first one peeping and then the other.

She left her stall and stepped around the pillar. The little boy was standing on the top of a small wooden chest, part of a shoe-repair stand spread out on the sidewalk. A rough-looking old man, sitting with his back to the wall, had a shoe fixed on a last in front of him. He was plying a big needle.

"Old Uncle!" the young woman said. "He is bothering you. He will break something. How did he get up there?"

"No bother, Mrs. Yeh," the old man said. "He can't hurt that box. And I have an eye in the back of my head to see that he doesn't fall off and hurt himself."

She laughed. "I believe you have, Old Uncle," she said. "I just don't want him to get in your way too much."

She glanced around her at the people moving about on the street. A good many pedestrians, mostly wom-

en, were going up the street in the same direction. That seemed just a trifle odd, as the street was largely residential; it was not usually crowded around five o'clock on cold winter evenings. But she felt no particular interest; the passers-by did not look as if they wished to buy any buttons.

"I think I will pack up and go home now," she resumed. "I've hardly sold a thing all day."

The old cobbler put his needle down. "Well, that's too bad, Mrs. Yeh," he said, shaking his head. "Yes, of course, it's that way sometimes. Tomorrow it will be better, maybe." He paused. "Why not wait a little longer, Mrs. Yeh?" he added. "There's still a lot of people going and coming this evening. More than usual. You still might sell something."



"Well, I noticed that, too," she replied. "Where are those people going, I wonder? Some meeting, maybe."

"Why, they are going to that church up the street there," said the old man. "Those women with the flowers and things, anyhow. That is where they always go. They are Lord of Heaven people. They often go past here in the morning, and sometimes in the evening. Today is their winter festival. Or tomorrow, maybe. Holy Birthday, they call it. All over town it's like that. Those Christians, that is. A big celebration. Didn't you know that?"

"Is that what it is? Oh, I often heard about that. But I never knew any Lord of Heaven people. What do they do?"

"Well, they give presents. And wear their best clothes. And do things like that. But those people going to that church: that's to have some kind of party. It's very late at night. Men and women together. Lots of children. There's noise, music, and singing. And eating."

The old man picked up his needle. Then he thought of a way to add to his description.

"Why, it's just like honoring the Kitchen God," he went on. "The way it is at our Winter Solstice festival, you know, Mrs. Yeh. I don't know whether they write something, or say something, or what. But they do something religious. And then they have something to eat. Yes, it's about the same thing."

She nodded, and politely said "Well!" several times as she listened. She was not greatly interested. The passers-by on the street had thinned out; nobody had stopped to price any of her wares. She stooped suddenly, and scooped up the little boy in a strong right arm.

"The Kitchen God celebration is nice when there's a big family," she said. "And when you have money. Many a time—well, it's getting late. I'm going home. After supper I may come out again, and try a little peddling. See you tomorrow, Old Uncle."

She put the little boy down again and dismantled her stall. In a jiffy she had strung her tray of wares on one end of a little bamboo pole, balancing it by hanging the stand and her stool on the other end.

"Cold, not cold?" she asked, looking down at the little boy.

"Not cold," he said.

She stooped, put the bamboo pole over her shoulder, and straightened up with her load. Then, taking the child's hand in her free hand, she shuffled off down the street.

She was of two minds for a while about making another venture that evening. The spot she called home, a small single room for which she paid \$3 a month rent, was not cozy. But cooking supper on the little coal stove brought just a suspicion of heat into the dingy place and made it seem comparatively cheerful. She and the child sat near the stove to eat their hot congee. It warmed them.

After an hour the few briquettes she had used were ashes. Another hour saw dishes washed and everything put to rights. It was time to go to bed to get warm, or to go out on the street. But Great Favor, in the snug little suit of thick black wool which she had knitted for him, did not seem either cold or sleepy; he kept bouncing around, as full of life as if the day were just beginning.

He won't be much bother, she thought. And I shan't need to go very far. Over to Rich Prosperity St. and around that area a little, maybe.

"Great Favor tired, not tired?" she asked.

"Not," the boy answered promptly, jumping up and down.

"Does Great Favor want to go out the door with ma?"

"Want."

She reached under the bed and pulled out two small covered baskets, each full of pickled Fukien olives that people liked as a relish with an evening snack of noodles or congee. One basket would be more than enough, she thought. Still, why not take both? That way there was a better balance.

She got out her bamboo pole again, strung the two baskets on it, one on each end, and put the load on her shoulders. She took Great Favor by the hand. They went out to walk the chilly, dimly lit, semideserted streets.

"Fukien olives!" her cry went out as they trudged along. "Selling pickled Fukien olives!"

They had not walked a block when a little pigtailed girl suddenly burst out of a side door next to a closed shop front. She had a small bowl in her hands. "Olives," she said, "I want two ounces. How much?"

Mrs. Yeh weighed two ounces on the little scales she carried in one of her baskets. "Six cents," she said.

"All right," said the little girl. She handed over the money, took the olives in her bowl, and vanished.

Well, it's not much, but it's a quick sale, Mrs. Yeh thought. Maybe business will be pretty good tonight.

Great Favor was a toddler rather than a walker; Mrs. Yeh walked very slowly to accommodate herself to his pace. It took them almost a half hour to walk the cross-town blocks leading to Rich Prosperity St. When they reached the juncture she made the boy sit down on the curbstone for a few minutes, because she knew he was getting tired; and she dropped her baskets and sat down with him. There had been no more sales.

But it ought to be better on Rich Prosperity St., she reflected. And then we can cross over and come back on Tranquil Peace Road.

When they stood up, she made the child climb on her back and put his arms around her neck.

There were some other hawkers about: a few old men selling shelled peanuts and a few old women selling

oranges, some of them walking, others crouched in corners. But there seemed to be little trade. She walked and walked, and nothing happened.

She saw, with some surprise, that she had reached the Little Dragon Gate park, the juncture where she had intended to strike off cross-town again. "My goodness," she thought, "did we come that far already? It must be late."

She unslung Great Favor and her two baskets from her shoulders and sat down on the curbstone again hugging the little boy to her side.

"Cold, not cold, Great Favor?"

"Not cold."

"It just isn't my day," she thought. "Why, it's exactly like this morning—one little sale. Well, let's go home."

Lights. Chatter. Bustle. A big open gate with some little knots of people passing in, coming out, clustering in front of it. All women and children, apparently. What could that be? She was already close to home, slogging along under her double load with head down, when she suddenly became aware of an animated scene down the block. She knew exactly where she was. Three blocks more and she and the little boy would be home.

Seeing the lights and the people, her hawker's call went out on the air instinctively. "Selling olives! Selling pickled Fukien olives!" She felt little hope. Whatever was going on there, it was now pretty late for people to be doing any eating.

Then her memory stirred. "Why,

it's that little church," she thought. "The one Old Uncle was talking about. And he said they had some kind of party late at night, didn't he? That must be it."

"Selling olives! Selling pickled Fukien olives!"

She had scarcely got the words out of her mouth for the second time when two women came tripping toward her, both with aprons tied around them.

"You have olives? Fukien olives?"

The two women were both talking at once. "What's the price? How many have you got? Are they pickled olives? The price is high. Two baskets full!"

"Well, they don't look very musty. Yes, they might be all right. Well, it doesn't matter about a little more or less—no need to talk price."

"That's a nice little boy. Well, come along with them and we will take the lot. Yes, all of them. Right in here. No, don't put them down—just bring them right into the kitchen."

Great Favor slid off her back, and they walked into the church compound, the two women leading the way and still chattering. "Well, wasn't that lucky? There's not a shop open anywhere now—and it's just the thing for the congee! Well, wouldn't you think Father Ling would take another look? And that old sacristan always forgets everything!"

They skirted the church and went to a smaller building directly behind

it. There they entered a narrow passageway, pushed open a small door at the end, and plunged into a big, warm, brilliantly lighted kitchen, where five women were fluttering around two gas stoves and a big table full of dishes.

"We found some olives, Mrs. Lee," announced one of the women.

An elderly woman of Junoesque appearance helped to ease the baskets of olives to the floor. Her face was mild and pleasant. She did not even glance at the olives. She looked at the young woman who had brought them. Then she gave Great Favor a good scrutiny.

"Is he your child?" she asked. "It's late for him, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's very late. I hardly ever bring him out like this. But when business is bad. . . ."

"Oh, the money! Wait and I will get it for you. Sit a minute. You must be tired."

Mrs. Lee spoke a word to one of the women who had bargained for the olives. Then she picked up a handbag from the table and took out a roll of bills. She counted out the money and tendered it to Mrs. Yeh with an openhanded gesture, more or less as if glad to see the last of it. Young Mrs. Yeh received the wad of bills with her two hands. She had not handled that much money in a long time. Well! It had been a good idea to venture out this evening, after all.

Just as she stood up to go, one of the women walked over from the

stove with two bowls of hot rice congee in her hands. "Maybe you could eat this," she said. "And here is one for the little boy. It's cold tonight. And this will do you good. We don't eat until later on."

"Oh, it's late. I haven't got time. I must be—what time is it, please?"

"It's a quarter after 11," Mrs. Lee said, looking at her watch. "Eat a bowl before—."

"What? After 11? Oh, he will fall asleep on me! It's too late! I must hurry! I didn't know!"

Mrs. Lee smiled. "Wait until he eats one, anyhow," she said, motioning toward Great Favor, who was already eating away. "It won't take long. Where is your home, may I ask? Have you far to go?"

"Not far. I live in Supreme Harmony alley. You know it, maybe—a few blocks down, that's all. Only, it's so late."

"Why, that's very near. But maybe your family will be worried."

"I haven't got any family. I came from Ningpo. And I got married here. And my husband died last year. And his family belongs in Wuhu. So there's just myself and the child."

"Oh! Is that the way it is?" Mrs. Lee nodded. She looked again at Mrs. Yeh, who had now started on her bowl of congee simply out of politeness. She also took another good look at Great Favor.

"Listen," she said. "If you live that close, why don't you just stay here a while? You and the little boy. We are going to have a party for the

children pretty soon. We are getting ready now. And you are a neighbor. So we would be glad—."

"Oh, he's too sleepy!"

Mrs. Lee smiled. "Lots of the children fall asleep before it's over," she said. "And some are asleep now. Inside, in the assembly room where we are going to have the party, you know. My own two small ones are in there."

"It's a bother, but we like to bring them because tonight is Holy Birthday. That's the best time of all the year for us Lord of Heaven people. So we go to church and have Mass, and we say prayers and have singing. And then we have a little party for the children. Just something to eat. And some prizes and presents, maybe. It doesn't take long."

Mrs. Yeh was mystified by much of what she heard. But the children's party might be nice, she thought. Great Favor had never been to one. Time seemed less important, too, after the relief of receiving the good sum of money. The kitchen was warm and cozy. And the attitude of the women around her, especially that of Mrs. Lee, added a certain warmth of its own. She had never before met people so full of friendliness at first sight.

"Well, if I had some place to put him," she said, "it might be—."

"Let's take him in with the others," Mrs. Lee said. She pushed Mrs. Yeh and Great Favor into the passageway, opened another door, and led them into a bigger room blazing with

lights. The room was full of women and children.

"This is where we have the party," Mrs. Lee said.

A dozen tots and babies were asleep on settees and on thick quilts on the floor, while a dozen more small children were scattered about the room, some romping, some just sitting, and very nearly all, it seemed, prattling and shouting.

A few women and some little girls were bustling about. The room was not nearly as warm as the kitchen. But Mrs. Lee promptly got an extra quilt, and spread it on the floor, placing it near a small coal stove at one end of the room. Great Favor was installed in the improvised bed. He was asleep almost by the time one end of the quilt had been folded over him.

Mrs. Yeh hesitated for a moment when the time came to wake him to go into the church with the others. But he would have to be awakened soon for the party in any case. And it was nice to have a child of your own when so many of the others were taking one, and some even two or three. Mrs. Lee woke up her own two little boys. And Mrs. Lee had invited her to go into the church with the rest and see what it was like, so she thought it was good to stay close to her and follow her example.

She picked up the sleepy Great Favor and carried him in her arms, feeling a little hesitant and bewildered still, but also a little proud. He

was as fine-looking a little fellow as any of them had, she felt.

*Silent night, holy night . . .
Songs of angels fill the air . . .
Strains of heavenly peace.*

What were they singing? The words were Chinese, all right, but she could not make head or tail of such a jumble. Something about "holy night," it seemed; she caught that expression repeated over and over.

She watched the little procession that wound slowly across the space before the altar. She could see it plainly from the front pew where she sat beside the friendly Mrs. Lee. Men, women, and children were packed together everywhere. Many of them stood in the aisles. And not all of them wore good clothes, she noted with a little relief. Many were dressed as poorly as she.

The procession took only a minute or two to pass. A half-dozen small altar boys marched at its head, and a half-dozen more brought up its tail. In the very middle of it came four very small boys balancing a small litter with a life-sized replica of a newborn infant lying on it. The infant, with arms outstretched, looked realistic and appealing.

Two larger altar boys, the tallest in the whole group, walked beside the litter, one on either side of it, and put out a hand to steady it now and again.

The wobbling procession crossed

the front space to the opposite corner. It was dark there; but some extra light suddenly spotlighted the corner nook which had been fitted out to resemble the interior of a cave. Inside the cave a scene of life in a poor family was crudely represented.



A small statue of a bearded old man was at one side. A little wooden box, open and filled with rough straw, occupied the central space. In front of it squatted a tiny plaster lamb. Above it, pinned somehow to the cave ceiling, hovered two small paper angels.

The procession halted. Then, by precarious juggling, the figure of the infant was taken off the litter by two of the altar boys and placed upon the straw in the box.

Silent night, holy night. The strains went on to the accompaniment of a small harmonium. Some singers stood around the harmonium in the rear part of the church, but the whole congregation seemed to join in the singing. The little hymn evidently was familiar to all. It was beginning to seem a little familiar,

by force of repetition, to Mrs. Yeh, and to sound soothing and pleasant in her ears, when it suddenly ceased.

Mrs. Lee leaned over and whispered to her. "It's the birth of the Saviour of the world," she said, "come down from heaven. And that's his Mother standing there."

She nodded, and said nothing. "Well, I wonder what that means," she thought. "Holy night? Maybe that child is just born—yes, that must be it. There's something pretty about it in a way, really. What kind of a family is that? Poor, maybe."

She understood even less, indeed nothing whatever, of the low Mass that followed. Almost everybody in the packed little church struggled up to the sanctuary rail for Communion. It was almost 1 A.M. when she and Great Favor found themselves back in the assembly room where the party was to be.

Most of the congregation promptly went home. The party was for children particularly, though not exclusively. Those who stayed for it were the children themselves, and a flock of women and girls, who had undertaken to look after them. When all these had crammed themselves into the assembly room, the congestion appalled the only two men who ventured into it, one of them being Mr. Lee, the husband of Mrs. Lee, and the other being Father Ling, the pastor, who had celebrated the Mass.

Mr. Lee was an elderly, fat, sleepy-

looking man dressed like a businessman. After one look around, he wished happy returns of the day to all and hastily withdrew. Father Ling was squeezed into one of the few chairs available. He apparently felt obliged to tarry awhile, although he looked sleepy.

Nobody else seemed to mind the congestion. Most of the children squatted on the floor. The party began at once. Amid a babel of chattering and laughing and shrieking, of pushing and squeezing, everybody was served a steaming bowl of congee and a porcelain spoon with which to eat it—or, in some cases, a bowl of noodles with chopsticks. All the food was liberally sprinkled with the Fukien olives, now minced into small slivers, which had been purchased from Mrs. Yeh. Mrs. Yeh herself was glad to see that, and to hear a little chorus of complimentary remarks about them.

Each child also got a handful of small cakes and candies and two mandarin oranges. Most of them put this little store into their pockets. As Great Favor had no pockets, Mrs. Yeh put his handful into her own jacket pocket for him.

Great Favor was not a bit sleepy any more. He ate his bowl of congee quickly and with relish. He was restless, even excited.

The distribution of presents was in grab-bag style. The children filed up to a big table where mysterious packages were spread out: some very small, some medium-sized, some

OUT OF BOUNDS

(Written one Christmas in the chapel at St. Charles and suggested by the Infant over the altar.)

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home today,
Comes down to find his ball, the
Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back his ball!

From The Best Poems of John Banister Tabb (Newman Press, 1957).

quite large, all neatly wrapped in fancy paper and tied with ribbon. Some of the smaller children reached up and took two or three or four packages with one swoop of both hands, whereupon a lynx-eyed lady took the extra loot away. Some very small ones could not decide what to take, but just stood and looked, whereupon the same lady selected something from the table for each of them.

The smaller children usually took the large packages. The older children almost invariably preferred the small ones. They knew that the large ones usually had nothing much in them, paper flowers or a big cardboard picture, maybe, useless things like that, whereas a small package might contain a shuttlecock, marbles, a top, knife, or even a fountain pen.

Yet there was nothing certain, either. Sometimes a large package disclosed something pretty good.

Great Favor was pushed forward in his turn by Mrs. Lee. And Mrs. Lee now had three sons in tow; her two small boys had been reinforced by another larger one. He had been among the altar boys who carried the infant in the procession. He was six years old and was called World Treasure. The three little Lee boys and Great Favor filed along together, and got their presents.

Great Favor took the first package he saw, a medium-sized one, opened it at once, and took out a little pair of mittens. His mother was glad to see the mittens, but Great Favor showed no enthusiasm. He just held them in his hand and looked around to see what the other packages were disclosing.

Excited *Oh's* and *Ah's* were going up; there was laughter and banter as children disengaged some inconsequential little presents from a lot of wrapping.

"Oh, look!" a cry sounded. "Look at what World Treasure Lee picked! Isn't that a good one!"

The altar boy had taken one of the larger packages; on opening it, he had found himself owner of a handsome imitation goose, of soft white plush. He held up his prize for all to see.

Great Favor looked at the goose. Then he dropped his mittens on the floor and began to cry.

Mrs. Yeh blushed. Mrs. Lee

smiled, and beckoned to her six-year-old son. "He wants your goose," she said.

"He does?" World Treasure hesitated. "Well . . . well . . . all right, then. I give him my goose—for half a day. He can have him all morning. I want him back after that."

Mrs. Yeh did not want to let Great Favor accept the goose at all. Unthinkable! But Father Ling came over and interposed, and he and Mrs. Lee together persuaded Mrs. Yeh to change her mind and take the goose home.

They would get one just like it for World Treasure, they said, and nobody would be the loser. And no need to bring it back. They wanted the little boy to keep it as a souvenir of the party.

After much pressing Mrs. Yeh consented. The goose stayed in Great Favor's arms, where World Treasure Lee had already placed it.

"This will help to balance your load," Mrs. Lee said, as Mrs. Yeh picked up her empty baskets and bamboo pole. "It's a little outfit we get ready for some of the children around here. Every Holy Birthday. And there are some extra ones, so you might as well take this one. It's clothes. There's a little padded suit and a woolen cap and stockings and felt shoes. For a small boy like him. The things will just about fit him, and they will be useful, maybe, when the Great Cold comes."

Young Mrs. Yeh protested again out of politeness, but not very long

or determinedly, because this particular provision was the very thing she had been worrying about. Besides, she now looked on Mrs. Lee as a friend. Yes, a good friend. So she did not feel obliged to refuse it more than three or four times. After that she stammered some thanks, and strung the little bundle of clothing on her pole.

"It's awfully late," she reflected as she and Great Favor set out to cover the short distance to Supreme Harmony alley. "He must be very tired, although he really doesn't look it from the way he walks along with the goose. Well, it's all right, anyhow. We can just sleep a little late tomorrow, maybe, because we did pretty good today and, oh my, much better than I ever expected that we could do.

"What makes those people so friendly, I wonder? Well, it was nice anyway—all that Holy Birthday business. And the party. And everything. But I don't think it's exactly the way Old Uncle said, about honoring the Kitchen God and all that. It didn't seem that way to me at all!"



My Memories of Pius XII



Drawn from the news photo of Pius praying with the people after Rome was bombed for the second time Aug. 13, 1943.

*I knew the Pope of peace
in the years of war*

easy to explain the "secret" of one of the masterworks of music that Pius himself loved so deeply. Like great music, his personality made

I WAS IN ROME on Christmas eve, 1943. Curfew regulations in the nazi-occupied city made it impossible for members of the diplomatic corps to attend the midnight Mass. Pope Pius XII, therefore, celebrated two of his Masses for us in the early evening. As we were leaving the little chapel of St. Matilda, the British minister to the Holy See, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, said to me, "This is an occasion when I wish I were a Catholic."

"Why?" I asked.

"So that I, too, might have received Communion from Pius XII," he said.

I have sometimes wondered how many persons of other faiths have felt the impulse that prompted that remark. Surely no other Pontiff has surpassed Pius XII in the power to win the love of men of widely differing beliefs and backgrounds.

What was the secret of that power? I suppose that it would be just as

every man feel that somehow his manhood had suddenly gained stature. Perhaps it was because every man was likely to find the quality he strove hardest to acquire in his own best moments realized and refined in Eugenio Pacelli.

His faith was so infectious that even people who did not share it were often deeply moved by it. And his cheerful courage was of the kind that nourishes whole nations. He once promised "We shall never tire of saying to all our children, 'Take courage; be of good heart.'" He kept that promise every time he appeared in public, every time he sat for a photograph. A glimpse of the serene countenance of the Holy Father meant an immediate bolstering of the spirits for many of his children.

Dr. Kiernan is ambassador from Ireland at Ottawa, Canada. At the time of which he speaks, he was Irish minister to the Holy See.

I shall never forget the effect he had on the terrified populace the day of the first bombing of Rome, July 7, 1943. Bombs had fallen on the ancient Basilica of San Lorenzo and the great cemetery called the Campo Verano. An hour after the all clear, I went through the smoking ruins with the prior of San Clemente, Father Dowdell. The work of digging out survivors was still going on.

A tremor of excitement ran suddenly through the crowd. There was a murmur, then a swelling shout of "Il Papa!" Faces were suddenly lit with hope. We were swung helplessly along as the excited mob surged first one way, then another. All at once, from the vantage point of a heap of fallen masonry, we saw him.

The small car in which he had left the Vatican had come to a stop with its front wheels on the edge of a bomb crater. He was sitting alone in the back seat, his hand raised in blessing, a figure so white, and at the moment so motionless, that I was reminded of one of Rome's marble statues. Then, as the people stretched out their hands toward him, he wound down the window, and his lips moved.

He had carried from the Vatican a bundle of lira notes for the Capuchins of San Lorenzo to use in helping bombed-out families. I saw him give some of the notes to an old woman who pressed forward and spoke beseechingly to him, and some to a man who had crawled out of his

ruined house covered with the brown dust of the debris.

After he had departed, the people went on with their digging, but their despair and panic had evaporated. They drew more faith and hope from the presence of Pius XII than from their antiaircraft artillery.

Rome had its second heavy air raid two weeks later. Again the Holy Father left the Vatican to visit the destroyed area within an hour after the last bomb fell. The working-class district of San Giovanni had been hit. Outside the Basilica of St. John Lateran he knelt to recite the *De Profundis*, his people kneeling in the rubble around him. He mixed with members of rescue squads. When he returned to the Vatican, his white cassock was stained with blood.

At such times, the people of Rome looked to him much as Irish villagers look to their pastor in time of crisis, as to one who is at once a devoted parent and a distinguished fellow townsman. I had heard that at the time of his ordination he described himself on the commemorative cards as "Eugenio Pacelli, a Roman." He was, after all, the first Roman in 200 years to be elected Pope.

These incidents reminded me of the real sacrifices that his long and brilliant service as a diplomat had entailed. I had visited several times a 16th-century church called the Chiesa Nuova (New Church) in the Corso Vittorio. Here, in the 1880's, the boy Eugenio Pacelli served Mass, coming early each morning from the

3rd-floor flat in the nearby Via Orsini, where he had been born.

Here, after ordination, during the years when he was working industriously in various offices of the Vatican, he came to hear Confessions, teach catechism to children, and act as spiritual director of the Santa Rosa hostel for working girls. There is little doubt that despite his doctorates in philosophy, theology, and civil and canon law, his deepest yearning was for pastoral work among the people as a humble parish priest.

Paradoxically, it took his elevation to the supreme office of the Church to fulfill his yearning. On March 2, 1939, the world became his parish. Thereafter, in hundreds of audiences, as men, women, and children from all nations and all walks of life felt the warmth of his almost neighborly questions, the assistant of the Chiesa Nuova came back to his people.

"Before my audience I must have muttered, 'Thank you, your Holiness' to myself a thousand times," a chagrined tourist has reported, "and I still said, 'Thank you, Father.'"

I shall not be surprised if the picture of Pius XII that will remain most indelibly in my own memory is one that suggests the genial pastor: the picture of the Pope playing with my children in his private study, urging them to pick up his white telephone and speak into it. Their eyes had sought the instrument as soon as they came into the room, because

someone had told them that the Holy Father used a golden telephone.

I had heard, of course, that Pius XII had a "way with children," but had no idea till then what a beautiful way it was. It must be confessed that one heard Pius's personal accomplishments described so often in superlatives that it was easy to begin to think that some of the reports must be extravagant, the natural products of the love and reverence that he inspired among the faithful. Actually, one of the most remarkable things about him was the way in which he constantly outdid expectations.

One might have been tempted, for instance, to regard the descriptions of his musical interests as exaggerated; but he really did have an unusually good acquaintance with classical music. During the military occupation he ordered orchestral concerts to be performed at the Vatican. I saw him sitting totally absorbed at several concerts with the orchestral score in his hands. It was charming to see the radiant enthusiasm with which he congratulated the conductor, De Sabata, at the end of every concert.

Then there were the reports about his scientific knowledge. I know that some people assumed that at the roots of those reports might be found only the ordinary interests of a versatile, well-read man. Others seem to have attributed his reputation for scientific attainments to his willing-

ness to take advantage of modern inventions and gadgets. He would have been vastly amused if he had been told that some of his innovations, like the telephoto machine at the Vatican offices or the electric device that rings the bells of St. Peter's, were taken as evidences that he was a "scientific-minded" Pope.

The fact was that he had a specialist's knowledge of several branches of science. His first love among the sciences was astronomy. It was significant that the one holiday abroad of his student days he spent at a congress of astronomers in Paris. More than half a century later he addressed the international meeting of astronomers held in Rome in September, 1952.

"The most interesting scientific paper I heard at that meeting was the address given by Pope Pius XII," said Dr. R. de V. Wooley, director of the Mount Stromlo observatory in Canberra.

A year before that, in November, 1951, scientists of world renown expressed admiration after the Holy Father had given a masterly review of modern research in order to show how the most recent discoveries bore witness to the existence of God.

So, too, with his reputation as a diplomat. You got the really enthusiastic appraisals of his skill in diplomacy from the ambassadors, the foreign ministers, the seasoned foreign correspondents. During the period when Cardinal Pacelli was the papal nuncio in Germany, Dorothy

Thompson wrote that "in knowledge of German and European affairs and in diplomatic astuteness the nuncio is without an equal."

Of course, entirely aside from the question of native gifts, few statesmen could equal his experience. He was an elder statesman, so to speak, before he became Sovereign Pontiff. It was a tribute to his youthful vitality that it was difficult to realize what a span of history his diplomatic labors had covered. It seemed almost unbelievable that in 1901 he was deputed by Pope Leo XIII to bring a message of condolence to the British royal family on the death of Queen Victoria. An American to whom I gave that information remarked, "That's as startling as if someone told me that President Eisenhower served under Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan hill."

Career diplomats loved him because he upheld the dignity of their calling in the face of those who cynically associate diplomacy with unctiousness or guile. He was a symbol of a diplomacy that draws its strength from honesty, fortitude, and thorough study.

One particular incident of his boyhood seems to me to reveal the combination of qualities that later made him a matchless nuncio and secretary of state. An anticlerical teacher in the school he attended in Rome had asked the boys to suggest names for an essay on the greatest heroes of history.

"Who," he demanded angrily, as

he scanned the list, "has suggested St. Augustine?"

Young Pacelli stood up. "I did, sir," he said, "and I am prepared to give reasons for my choice." But the teacher did not take up the challenge. He had previously asked for essays justifying the seizure of the Papal States. Pacelli's essay had been, instead, a vigorous and learned denunciation of the seizure as a grave breach of justice.

Diplomats whose assignment to the Holy See fell during the war, as mine did, had an exceptional opportunity to gain an appreciation of Pius XII's statesmanship. The situation was extraordinarily complex. Being a neutral state, the Vatican continued diplomatic relations with all the belligerent nations throughout the war. The first Japanese ambassador (a Methodist, by the way) presented his credentials in May, 1942; the first minister for China, a pagan, in the following February.

In time of peace, none of the diplomats accredited to the Holy See resides within Vatican City. But during the war, representatives of the Allied countries, with their staffs and their families, were given quarters inside the Vatican. When Rome fell to Allied troops, they left to reside in their own buildings outside. In their stead, representatives of the Axis countries took up residence in Vatican City.

During religious ceremonies all the diplomats—pagan, Protestant, Catholic—knelt together in the

cramped space reserved for them in the Sistine chapel. All knelt, that is, except the German diplomats, who had been forbidden by Hitler to kneel. The Führer's first war ambassador, von Bergen, absented himself from ceremonies because he found it unbearable to stand all alone as the Pope passed or as the Host was elevated. But his successor, von Weizsäcker, and his staff stood stiffly in unfriendly isolation.

Diplomats despaired of emulating Pope Pius in the way he poured himself into his work during the war. When I was received by him before taking a holiday in 1945, I spoke of it as a vacation (*vacanza*). "I prefer *ricreazione* to *vacanza*," he said. His point was that *vacation* suggests only an emptying out of worries and therefore has a passive and negative implication, but *recreation* suggests a positive rebuilding of energy through a change of activity. Since he denied himself any holiday from the beginning of the war to the end, the difference was for him largely an academic one.

During the most harrowing part of that period, he was preparing his great encyclical on the mystical Body of Christ. As I examine it now, the following passage strikes me with particular force: "Never, perhaps, has the worthless and shadowy nature of earthly things been more clearly manifest than today, when kingdoms and nations are crumbling in ruins, great fortunes and riches of every kind are being plunged into

the depths of the sea, when cities, villages, and fertile lands are being devastated, and defiled with the blood of fratricidal strife." It is moving for me to recall the background against which those words, so full of wisdom and high sorrow, were composed.

I remember the ordeal of Rome during the summer of 1943. I remember the terror of the bombing raids. I remember the wild, destructive anti-fascist carnival when the news of Mussolini's fall broke and everyone thought, incorrectly, that the war was over. I see once again the immense bonfire in St. Peter's square and the shadowy bulk of the great basilica lit by mounting flames.

I hear again that frigid announcement over the radio: "The war continues." Marshal Badoglio had taken command. The anticlimax was sobering. During Badoglio's 40-day regime, Rome was a city of rumors. You would hear that the Allies had landed at Ostia; the next moment the report would be denied. Meanwhile, the Germans advanced toward Rome.

I remember, too, that dreadful weekend in September, after Italy had signed an armistice at Palermo. German paratroopers dropped into Rome. Leaderless bands of Italian troops fought the nazis with machine guns and hand grenades. A stone's throw from the Irish legation a battle for possession of a barracks broke out. The Italians set up cannon as German troops charged in armored cars. I still hear the crashing of glass

as the concussion shattered the windows of the legation, and the screaming of a woman who had been seized with the pangs of childbirth directly outside our gates.

Rome fell quickly to the Germans. A fortnight later the chief rabbi of the city, Zolli, was told by German authorities that the entire Jewish population of the city would be driven away if he did not hand over within 24 hours 100 pounds of gold and a million lire in cash. Unable to collect the gold, he appealed to the Holy Father. The gold was provided for him, partly by having gold ornaments melted down.

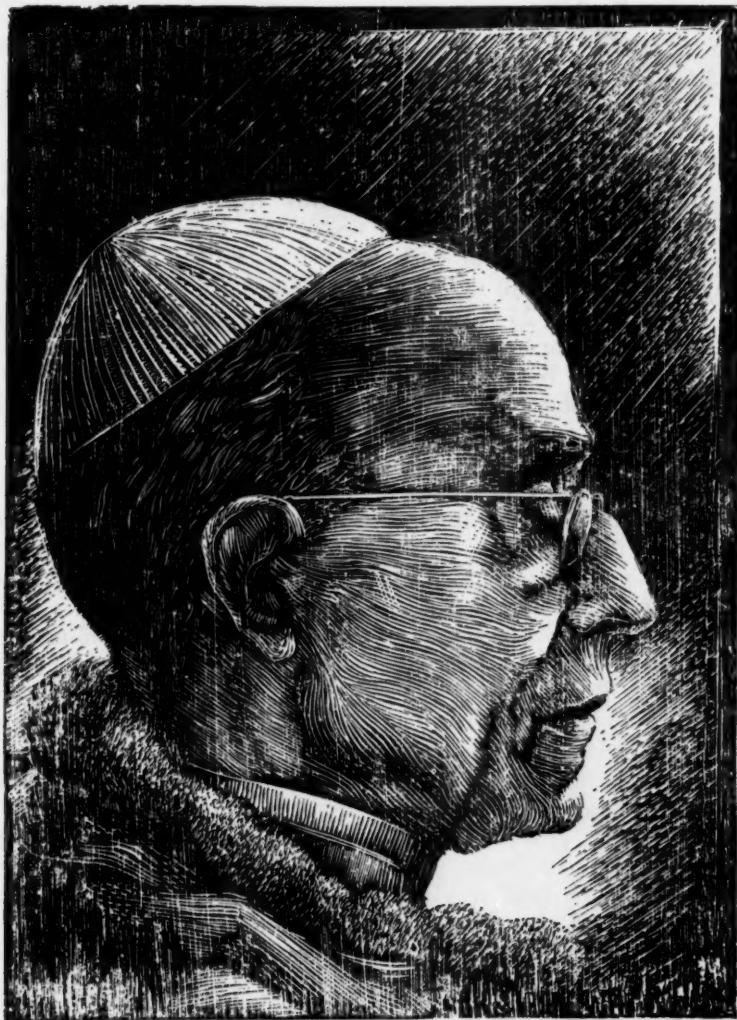
A passage in the encyclical on the mystical Body brings back all the ugliness of the nazi persecution of the Jews: "Should it at any time happen that, contrary to the unvarying doctrine of this Apostolic See, a person is compelled against his will to embrace the Catholic faith, We cannot in conscience withhold our censure." Pius XII had heard, with pity and indignation, that some Jews had "become Catholics" to save themselves from concentration camps. Later, when the danger had passed and there could be no possibility of any misinterpretation of his motives, Rabbi Zolli himself sincerely became a Catholic.

Eugenio Pacelli, during the days when he was papal nuncio to Germany, was also a humble member of the 3rd Order of St. Francis. Later he joined the 3rd Order of St. Dominic under the name of Brother Al-

bert. He perpetually effaced self.

On the day of his coronation as Sovereign Pontiff, an attendant held up the traditional smoking wad of flax fastened to the end of a staff.

"Holy Father," the attendant chanted, "thus passes the glory of the world." No man of modern times required that reminder less than the humble Pope of peace, Pius XII.



By Maxine Davis
Condensed from "Look"



Husbands are fragile

Yet scientists say that the average man could live to be 100—with his wife's help

ONE OUT OF EVERY FOUR married women becomes a widow some time between her 55th and 64th birthday. And chances are that she will live another 16 to 23 years. So say the life insurance and Census bureau statisticians. But more and more doctors are coming to believe that an ever-loving wife can make a statistician look like a dope.

A hundred years ago the average man folded at the age of 40, and his wife outlived him by three years. Now, he lives to a ripe 66.7, but she outlasts him to 73. Woman still has the edge and always will have.

Man is not the stronger sex. He has always been frailer than woman, a situation recognized, but not advertised, for centuries. Males far outnumber females among babies lost by miscarriage. There are always more boys under 15 than girls at the same age in the nation's hospitals. Men have twice as many fatal accidents as women do, and three times as many commit suicide.

Polio claims the lives of 40% more males than females. Men die more frequently from heart, blood-vessel, and kidney diseases; and stomach ulcers are largely a masculine prerogative. Life insurance companies and the Census bureau say that there are 73% more adult females in this country today than in 1920, and that there are 98.5% more widows.

One excuse given for the female's superior survival rate is that the man, still the main breadwinner, goes out into the world and is therefore more exposed to the pressures of modern life, as well as to its risks of accidents and infections. Yet 20 million women are at work today, many in occupations once monopolized by men, and of these, 11.5 million wives are sharing the family's economic load. Yet they are just as healthy and live just as long as housewives.

What's more, the average woman takes better care of herself. She knows when to let up, sit down, and relax. The male does not.

Look, madam, at your man's



paunch and at that tattletale gray around his ears. Watch him overreaching his strength on the tennis court, golf course, dance floor, bowling alley. Observe closely that flush around his cheekbones when he gets home from the office just a little late for dinner. Watch the jerky recovery of the nodding head as he reads the evening paper. And take heed.

Your man is not old, but he's getting older. He's not so young as he used to be, but he thinks he is. If you don't want to be one of those statistical widows before your time, try to apply these rules recommended by doctors.

1. *Help him to establish the common denominator of his age, health, and environment, and to accept it.* This means that your husband must have enough sleep and exercise, control his weight, and make a point of adding new interests and activities to his life.

The average man needs a minimum of seven hours of sleep until 60; after that, he probably should have more rest.

He requires regular exercise, but not to the point of fatigue. Muscles are designed for use. Unless they are kept in good condition after a man reaches 30, they tire easily; circulation suffers, and he is less able to fight off infections. Regular exercise holds back the clock, but by 40, a man should give up singles at tennis. When he is 70, he can still putter in the garden or walk a couple of miles.

If your husband gets enough sleep

and exercise, the amount he smokes or drinks, short of excess, doesn't matter. But what he eats does affect his life expectancy. Every unnecessary ten pounds shortens his life. It is not healthful to add weight after 40. The body shrinks a little with the passage of time, and weight that was right at 30 is damaging at 50.

A man who weighed 150 pounds at 30 should pare down when he reaches middle life, and stay there. His wife, who wants to keep him alive, will see to it that he does. As he narrows his girth, he should widen his horizon. The mind improves with use. Many elderly people seem senile merely because they lack interest, activity, and mental stimulation, not because age is affecting their faculties. The organism that ceases to develop dies.

2. *Persuade him to have an annual checkup.* A man should have his first checkup at 30, but it is never too late to start. This gives the doctor a frame of reference, so that he is able to evaluate any changes that occur. It also gives him opportunity to correct any minor defects. He can check a sluggish thyroid or a chronic low-grade sinus infection. Such little things undermine health.

3. *Find outlets for his emotional tensions.* The husband of today cannot, and should not, take a sock at the boss when he doesn't get an expected raise. He can't even blow his top and say what he thinks to an unreasonable customer. So he bottles up his feelings. And after he keeps

them corked up long enough, his blood vessels become permanently tightened, his blood pressure rises, and one day he has a heart attack. Or his resentments and disappointments eat into his stomach, and he gets an ulcer.

Physical ailments that shorten men's lives often result from frustration. So the wife who doesn't want to be a widow leads her husband to a punching bag in the basement, a carpenter's bench, or an ax and a woodpile. Anything a man can sock (except his relatives) will help him get frustration out of his system. Some people bang out scurrilous letters to the boss or the customer, then file them in the wastebasket. Relief of tension will add years to life.

4. *Share his worries.* Many a husband tries to protect his wife by keeping his troubles to himself. Since whatever concerns him affects her, he lightens his load if he divides it with her. She may not be able to understand the problem in biotechnology he is trying to solve in his laboratory, or what the argument in the union local is all about, but she can listen sympathetically. So encourage your husband to share what is on his mind.

5. *Adapt yourself to the pace that*

suits him. Ideally, every man should have a job he knows he can handle. A television station with its split-second timing is no place for a research pathologist; and a man who wants to be a football coach has no business in a bank. But many men are of necessity working where circumstances led them. If they are obliged to speed up or to try to slow down on the job, it is doubly important for them to live at a natural tempo the rest of the time.

Sometimes this means extra effort on the part of the wife. Her personal preferences may be entirely different. But she has all day to live at her own pace, to rush like a whirlwind or be as deliberate as a turtle. When her husband comes home, she should adjust to him. She is the more durable of the pair (it says so in the statistics). She can adapt herself with less risk to health and longevity than he can.

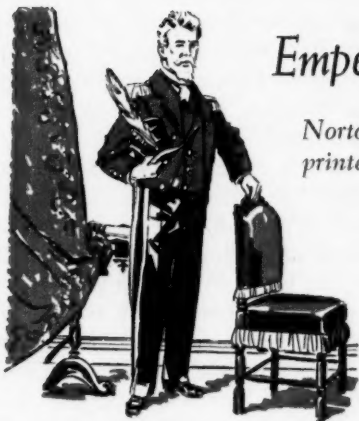
Isn't the result worth the effort? Man does not die of old age; he dies of diseases, many of them the result of negligence, wear and tear, lack of medical attention at the right time, or downright boredom. Scientists are now predicting that, with his wife's help, the average man could live to be 100.



CHIP OFF THE OLD

A friend of ours attended a meeting of his civic club, at which neighbors elected him to be representative of his block. But his kids cut him down to size by telling people, "Daddy was elected block-head."

Mrs. Deane Binder.



Emperor of the United States

*Norton I abolished Congress, levied taxes,
printed money—and his subjects loved him*

ON A NOVEMBER DAY in 1849, at the height of the California gold rush, a schooner made its way through the Golden Gate and tied up at the San Francisco water front. It deposited a miscellaneous cargo and seven passengers, among them a stocky, prosperous-looking man of 30.

His name was Joshua Abraham Norton. He was destined to become one of America's most famous eccentrics and as important a part of the San Francisco legend as its cable cars. He was soon to prove that a big city, however cold and impersonal, may still be capable of a peculiar kind of tolerance and sympathy.

Joshua Norton was born in England and reared in South Africa. He drifted to Brazil and there did well in merchandising. Then the enticing news of gold at Sutter's mill in Cali-

fornia reached his ears. He sailed for San Francisco.

It didn't take Norton long to establish himself. He began trading in commodities, and soon accumulated a quarter of a million dollars.

That didn't satisfy him, though. He decided to make a killing by cornering the rice market. He would buy all the rice coming into San Francisco and thus be able to set his own price for it.

He bought a shipload of rice, and another and another after that. But then something went wrong. It seemed that every other ship coming into San Francisco Bay carried a hold full of rice. There was more rice than Norton had money to buy. The price fell. Norton was bankrupt.

Apparently the shock loosened his mental moorings. He withdrew from the workaday world and began to brood about the problems of mankind. He had always been a man steeped in the English monarchical tradition, scornful of democracy. Now that strife was developing between North and South and war seemed inevitable, he made up his

*209 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. July-August, 1958. © 1958 by Lions International, and reprinted with permission.

mind that what America needed to restore stability was an emperor with absolute powers.

The idea took on dimensions of a fantasy, and well-meaning friends, trying to cheer Norton up, helped it along by addressing him as "Emperor" and "Your Gracious Highness."

On a September evening in 1859, Norton turned up at the offices of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. With regal dignity, he handed the editor a notice to be printed. It read: "At the peremptory request and desire of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these United States."

The notice was printed, partly because the editor saw no reason for not doing so and partly to amuse his readers. Anyway, San Francisco was becoming the kind of town where such things were done. It already had a large assortment of eccentrics, and there was always room for one more.

New imperial proclamations followed: abolishing Congress, dissolving the Republic, wiping out the Republican and Democratic parties, and, as a minor administrative detail, firing the Governor of Virginia for the hanging of John Brown. All the proclamations were duly published in one newspaper or another, and Norton became a personality famous throughout San Francisco.

He began to dress the part. He wore a long-tailed blue coat decorated with gold epaulets and brass

buttons, a tall beaver hat topped by a green ostrich plume, and old shoes slit at the sides to ease the strain on his corns. He carried a saber and, in bad weather, a flamboyant Chinese umbrella.

In any other city the authorities might have hustled Norton off to the nearest asylum. But San Francisco wasn't any other city. Far from tucking the Emperor away or even laughing at him, San Francisco played it straight and gave him his royal due.

He ate at the finest restaurants without charge. He rode the street cars free. His royal palace was the back room of a boarding house. A local lodge (which he had helped to found in his palmier days) paid his rent.

When he went to the theater, he was given a seat in the orchestra as a guest of the management. The audience would gravely rise and remain standing until he was seated. A printer, in exchange for the Emperor's promise to make him chancellor of the exchequer, printed the royal scrip which Norton used for money. And merchants soberly posted the scrip in their windows, as proof that they enjoyed the imperial patronage.

When Norton decided he needed some real money, so that he could go to England and marry a princess, he did what any sensible monarch would do. He levied a tax. To make sure it was collected, he went out and collected it himself. Small merchants got off with two bits. Rich bankers had to ante up \$3. On good

days Norton might come home with as much as \$25.

The best tailors in San Francisco usually outfitted him with free uniforms. But once, when his last remaining uniform was getting badly frayed and no tailor could be found to give him a new one, Norton was moved to issue another proclamation. He had, he said, been hearing numerous complaints from his subjects about the state of the imperial wardrobe. Whereupon the San Francisco board of supervisors, unwilling to have the Emperor's capital city disgrace itself by allowing the Emperor to go around with patches on his pants, voted to buy him a new outfit at public expense.

It was not often that Norton had to use force to obtain his royal prerogatives. But now and then it was necessary. One day a dining-car waiter refused him a free meal en route to Sacramento on the Central Pacific railroad. Norton angrily thumped his cane on the floor, and some San Franciscans at a nearby table quickly agreed to pay for his dinner. The conductor apologized for the lese majesty, and the railroad made it up to Norton by granting him a lifetime pass.

Norton was a gentle and kindly man. He loved children and always carried a pocketful of peppermints to hand out to those he passed on the streets.

He was also a man of peace. The Civil War disturbed him greatly. He summoned Abraham Lincoln and

Jefferson Davis to San Francisco so that he might mediate the conflict. Then, while he was waiting for them to heed his summons, he turned his attention to Mexico, which also was having its troubles, and proclaimed himself the Protector of Mexico in addition to his other offices.

During his moments of respite from pressing problems of state, Norton sojourned with some of San Francisco's most prominent figures, including Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Robert Louis Stevenson. "In what other city," wrote Stevenson later, "would a harmless madman who supposed himself a real emperor have been so fostered and encouraged?" And Mark Twain wrote that if he could select all his fellow passengers for a trip around the world, one of them most certainly would be Emperor Norton I.

Every month Norton boarded a ferry to cross the bay and look in on the University of California at Berkeley. His arrival always occasioned lively, straight-faced demonstrations of welcome. Once, when his visit happened to coincide with that of a real emperor, Dom Pedro II of Brazil, Norton blandly seated himself on the platform in an empty chair next to the Brazilian monarch. There was not a titter from the audience. Dom Pedro, after somebody had given him a whispered briefing, got into the spirit of the thing, and acknowledged his introduction to Emperor Norton with regal gravity.

Only once was Norton molested.

A rookie policeman picked him up and booked him for vagrancy. The outraged Emperor proved that he had five dollars in his pocket, so the charge was changed to "insanity." But when the chief of police heard about it, he released Norton forthwith and apologized, an act which the press unanimously acclaimed.

"Since he has worn the imperial purple," one of the newspapers said of Norton, "he has shed no blood, robbed nobody, and despoiled the country of no one, which is more than can be said of any of his fellows in that line."

Emperor Norton reigned for 21 years. Then, on Jan. 8, 1880, while he was walking up one of San Francisco's hills, he suddenly staggered and collapsed of a heart attack. And there on the street, his head pillowed in the lap of one of his loyal subjects, he died.

The *Chronicle* ran the mournful headline "LE ROI EST MORT." And the *Call* said soberly, "No citizen in San

Francisco could have been taken away who would be more generally missed."

Norton's funeral was arranged by the Pacific club, an organization of leading businessmen. Ten thousand people jammed the cemetery.

In 1934 the cemetery had to be dug up to make way for a new development. The same club that had given Norton his funeral now bought a new plot, overlooking the ocean, and the Emperor was reinterred with appropriate ceremony. A band played. A volley was fired. A bugler sounded taps. The monument at Norton's new grave was unveiled. It read:

NORTON I
Emperor
Of the United States
And
Protector of Mexico
1819-1880

The royal restraint of that inscription would have pleased the Emperor.



IN OUR HOUSE

In an effort to offset all the Santa Claus talk in the papers and on TV, I had been telling my seven children about Christ's first coming to earth, and our celebration of Christmas as a commemoration of that wonderful event. Most of the older children seemed to be getting the idea, but Michael, who is five, persisted in reciting long lists of "what I want for Christmas."

One day shortly before Christmas, as Michael was adding two or three new requests, Jimmy, who is six, turned to me in disgust. "Whose birthday does he think it is," he asked, "his or our Lord's?"

M.R.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



A Baby a Year

*For the Caspersens,
planned parenthood meant
planning for 12*

IT MUST BE A GAG, Charles Caspersen thought when the representative of a planned-parenthood organization rang the doorbell at his home in Houston, Texas.

But if one of his friends had given Charlie's name to the parenthood group as a gag, the woman standing in the door hadn't taken it that way. With polite seriousness she inquired as to the state of planning which went into the growth of the Caspersen family.

Just then four young Caspersens burst around the corner of the house.

"Oh," smiled the woman, "do all these youngsters belong to you?"

"They sure do," the soft-spoken father grinned. "And they were planned, too. Besides these four, there are six in school and two upstairs who aren't old enough to walk. Our plan, you see, calls for one a year."

The interview ended amiably, but abruptly.

Not long afterward, trim, attractive Donia Caspersen stood on a podium and fielded questions fired at her by a group of young people interested in problems of marriage and family life.

"Mrs. Caspersen," said one miss, "would you say that having babies is coming back into vogue?"

"Why," Donia chuckled, "I didn't know it ever went *out* of vogue."

The audience, one of many Donia is asked to address, broke up in laughter because they knew that the 34-year-old speaker was one of the nation's foremost examples of the growing tendency toward larger families.

With Donia and Charlie Caspersen, however, it is more than a tendency. It's a stampede. For they are the remarkable parents of an even dozen children. Donia has had all of her nine girls and three boys during the past 13 years—one at a time.

*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. June 22, 1958. © 1958 by Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

The annual arrival of a new little Caspersen has become front-page news in Houston, where Charlie owns a realty firm. And the older children are getting used to being celebrities. The limelight doesn't awe them any more.

When No. 12, Cecilia Ann, arrived last January, a reporter inquired about a possible 13th member of the Caspersen family. "You ask me that every year," the beaming father hedged.

Donia is more specific. "There's always room for more. It gets easier after the eighth, you know, and cheaper, too."

Donia admits that she is less efficient than Lillian Gilbreth, the mother of 12 in that nonfiction best seller of a few years back, *Cheaper By the Dozen*, "but we have just as much fun."

The day the fire truck came, for example. The Caspersens had just moved into their 30-year-old brick home (five bedrooms and three baths) and wanted to impress upon their neighbors that they, too, could be dignified. But one of the toddlers got locked in the bathroom and Donia finally had to call the fire department.

The baby was rescued, but it was so much fun that the older kids promptly locked up another little one. The fire fighters made the second trip in force. Siren blaring and bells clanging, nine firemen in full regalia screeched to a halt, broke out hook and ladder, rescued the baby,

and then took the entire overjoyed brood for a ride.

"I was embarrassed to death," Donia says, "but at least the neighbors knew then what to expect from the Caspersens."

Occasional roll calls help keep track of the youngsters, though the system is sometimes snarled when they confuse daddy by answering to one another's names. One Sunday after early Mass, breakfast was on the table and Cass, the oldest boy, was missing. As Donia stood at the foot of the stairs and threatened to burn the TV set if he didn't "come down this instant," Cass walked in the front door. They had left him at church.

Another time the family started off on a motor trip, then discovered that they were one child short. Candy was still at home, in the bathroom.

On the whole, however, Donia is too modest about her efficiency. The kids are logically quartered in four of the bedrooms: six in one large "dormitory" filled with bunk beds, three girls in one room, two in another, and Cass in one all his own.

Bathing is accomplished on a staggered schedule, but tooth-brushing time often means a traffic jam. Donia posts a weekly duty roster on a bulletin board, assigning the children's chores. Frequent assignment switches not only help spread the work around on a fair basis but prevent boredom, too.

"We have a maid," Donia explains, "but I still keep the children busy."

The six school-age youngsters even fix their own lunches and freeze them for the following day. They spend many afternoons peeling potatoes for dinner, usually a wholesome but simple one-dish meal.

Milk heads the grocery list, running about \$50 a month. And shoe salesmen glow when they see the Caspersens coming. But Donia makes the girls' hats, and hand-me-down clothing helps out.

"No one can afford the first child," Donia tells those who wonder how she manages. "We couldn't. But once you realize that it isn't important to keep the children gorgeously groomed, a family of 14 isn't as impractical as you might have thought it is.

"There are hectic times, of course—like dinner, when we often have as many as 22 children at the table, and Sunday mornings, when there are 14 Caspersens to scrub and dress for two Masses."

Things often get pretty noisy, Donia admits, but she has become almost impervious to that. Once when her mother was visiting, the racket got so loud that she finally pleaded, "Donia, please, can't you make them stop?" Puzzled, Donia looked up from her work and said, "Stop what?"

Charlie has also developed marvelous powers of concentration, but, nevertheless, he is a strict disciplinarian. "You can imagine how it would be if he weren't," Donia says, smiling.

Frequent nights out help the parents maintain their good humor and, surprisingly, they have no trouble finding some high-school girls game enough to sit with 12 kids. Still, the Caspersens' "only hobby" is their children. They get a real kick out of their big family.

The family eats at least one meal *en masse* and says the Rosary together daily. They haven't visited relatives since the eighth child arrived—"just haven't had the heart to do it to them."

Summertime means daily swimming sessions and weekly trips to the library, inexpensive pleasures which stretch the budget. But despite a sometimes strained budget, Christmas and Easter are always glad times for the family.

"We emphasize the spiritual aspects," Donia explains, "so the children don't miss new Easter clothes or elaborate Christmas presents."

Besides the fun and reverence, Charles has found other advantages to fathering an outsize family. No draft board will give him a second look. The income-tax people think of him as Mr. Deduction. And he thinks he's the world's most fortunate man: "We're always happy to demonstrate that you needn't be wealthy—or ignorant—to have a large family."

"I warned him I wanted a large family," Donia recalls, "and he agreed. Four or five children would be swell, he told me. Now he knows that I really meant what I said."

By Kay Sullivan

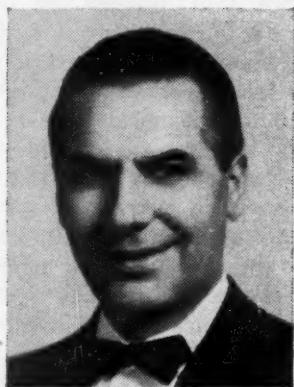
Peter Robotti to the Rescue

*He saved his home town—
body and soul—from decay*

PETER ROBOTTI is known in New York City as a highly successful restaurateur, the genial host of the Chateau Richelieu, one of Manhattan's most elegant restaurants, and just the man to consult for expert advice on beluga caviar or frogs' legs *à la provençale*.

More than 3,000 miles away in a little Italian village called Fubine, Peter Robotti has an entirely different reputation. There he is a local hero. Old people bless his name; teen-agers are urged to emulate him; little children call him their Uncle Tom (a kind of Italian version of Santa Claus), and, in piping tones, record thank-you songs to send to him.

All of Fubine's 3,000 residents know the success story of Peter Robotti. They also know him as a native son who never forgot his home town. Thanks to him, Fubine's famous old cathedral was kept from tumbling into ruins. Thanks to him, too, Fubine's children are learning their three R's in a brand-new school. And the fact that communism has not overrun Fubine is due in great meas-



ure to Peter Robotti's continuing concern about his birthplace.

Ask the man himself about all this, and you won't learn much. Not long ago, a diner paused while consulting the two-foot-tall menu at the Chateau Richelieu to inquire of its proprietor, "What's this I hear about you going to be decorated by the Italian government for your home-town charities?"

Mr. Robotti, a dapper man with a shy smile, quickly got behind the pastry wagon and started studying its mouth-watering contents. "It is nothing, nothing," he murmured. "A man can't let a church fall down, can he? Now let's choose you a nice *glacé chocolat* . . ."

Forty-five years ago, Peter Robotti was growing up in Fubine, a sunny town tucked on hillsides in the Piedmont region of northern Italy. Then, as now, the landscape was patchworked with vineyards. Rising ma-

jestically up to the blue sky was the tall spire of Fubine's pride: a cathedral dating back beyond the time of Columbus. Birth records from the year 1496 are still cherished in its archives.

Peter's earliest memories of Fubine were of the fragrant family vineyards; of orchards sprawling behind his home and a garden with two wells; and, of course, of the cathedral. The Robotti home was close by.

Peter's mother was a pious woman. Through her efforts, an altar to St. Anthony had been erected in one of the side chapels. Peter, the youngest child, was baptized in the cathedral, as his seven sisters and one brother had been. And until he was 12, he served Mass there, wearing a lace surplice made by his mother.

"Putting on that surplice and serving Mass was the biggest thrill of my boyhood," he recalls. "My mother hoped that I would be a priest."

He spent hours at the vast old building, peering up at its lofty nave, studying the remnants of the moat and the old walls, admiring the marble statuary and gold-framed paintings: treasures bestowed on it by the Vatican during earlier years.

Young Peter might have stayed in Fubine if it had not been for an insect invasion. The plague did tremendous damage to the vineyards. Many vintners emigrated to the U.S., among them some of the Robotti clan. They later returned, bringing with them American vines and techniques that restored the fam-

ily business. But now there was talk of America and adventure in the air, and young Peter had to go and see for himself what it was like. In 1924 he sailed for New York.

He had no special career in mind. He had served briefly in the Italian army. He had developed a flair for business. And he loved good food. When a friend introduced him to Nino Malnati, world-famous *maitre d'hôtel* and at that time general manager of the Biltmore, Peter was thrilled. He jumped at the chance to be trained for restaurant work by Malnati.

Malnati regarded anyone who partook of food or drink in public as an actor in an artistic tableau. Every dish was treated as a work of art. Robotti could not have had a better teacher. He worked and studied hard. By 1928, he was ready to take over a restaurant on his own. He picked the Chateau Richelieu, a small place in mid-Manhattan.

Even during the depression years he did well. By the end of the 2nd World War, he was one of New York's most successful hosts. Twice he expanded to gain more room, the last time (in January, 1958) moving into his own seven-story building. The new dining room reflects his belief that people should eat leisurely meals in beautiful surroundings. The Richelieu is resplendent with red-damask-covered walls, thick carpeting, murals, mirrors, and other luxurious appointments.

The restaurant is not Peter's only

business. He has also done well in real estate. His policy in this field and all others is a simple one. "I give my word and shake hands," he says, "and it's a deal. Nothing would make me break my word, and I don't think the other man will break his. I think that people are essentially honest."

But we have seen only one side of the Robotti story: the New York side. The transatlantic side had its beginnings in a letter written to Peter at the end of the 2nd World War by Dr. Peter Garlasco, one of his boyhood chums in Fubine. Dr. Garlasco told how badly off his townspeople were. Refugees were pouring in, and many persons, especially the older ones, did not have enough food or medicines.

Peter immediately deputized his friend to care for anyone who needed food and medical attention. "Send the bill to me," he directed. Before long, he had a standing list of some 200 families who depended on him for help.

In 1948 he went home to see how things were progressing. Then, in 1953, he made another trip back to Fubine with his wife. What he saw on the two journeys crushed him.

"It was not the place of my boyhood," he recalls. "Then, it was a happy town. Everybody sang; everybody was friendly; everybody crowded into the cathedral for Mass in the morning, and then stood around in the square afterwards to chat and laugh. Now I found the people too frightened to stand in the square,

even to go to church. The communists were very powerful, and nobody wished to get them mad."

Peter talked the matter over with Emilio Don Buzio, rector of the cathedral for some 35 years. They hit upon a unique plan. Peter bought an enormous loud-speaker and had it installed at the cathedral. When Mass was celebrated, everybody in Fubine would know about it.

It wasn't long before people were returning to Sunday and daily Mass. The familiar liturgy pouring out over the loud-speaker did more to pluck at their heartstrings and give them courage to face communist jeers than any amount of exhorting could have done. According to parish authorities, there has been a notable drop in communist registration in Fubine.

Peter's next gift to his home town was equally surprising: it was a big, brightly painted merry-go-round. He donated it to the local orphanage and the wonderment in the eyes of dozens of little war orphans when they saw it was unforgettable.

"Now I was in deep," says Mr. Robotti. "I had all those old people counting on me for the necessities of life; I had the loud-speaker calling them back to church; I had the little children riding happily up and down on the new merry-go-round. How could I go back to my restaurant and forget all this?"

Before very long, Peter was involved in a project that was to become an all-important part of his life—and of the life of his young

wife, Frances Diane Von Schornstein Robotti. Mrs. Robotti, a history teacher and a writer, works very closely with her husband. She handles all his correspondence.

"I never had to ask my wife if she wanted me to help Fubine," says Peter. "She fell in love with the town the moment she saw it."

In 1956, the town fathers proposed to Peter that he help save his boyhood church. The roof was leaking badly. Pews were falling apart. Valuable paintings and statues were decaying.

"I got very emotional when I saw it in such terrible condition," says Peter. "I remembered how it was when I was a boy; how my mother had loved it; how I served Mass there."

In the ensuing months, Peter Robotti poured some \$20,000 into restoration of the Fubine cathedral to its former glory. The roof and flooring were repaired, and the entire interior was renovated. Windows were replaced, statues and paintings restored.

But Peter didn't stop there. He had grown aware of the fact that the town's few schools were widely scattered, overcrowded, and all badly in need of repairs. In a burst of enthusiasm, he bought a magnificent old castle, abandoned for years.

"I thought that with a little fixing up here and there, we could make a school out of it," says Peter. "How wrong I was! The architects looked at it and asked, 'How do you think

we can get plumbing fixtures and heat into a building that was erected in 1776?'"

Regretfully, Peter gave the word to tear down the old castle and start from scratch to erect a new school. It is an impressive building with a fine courtyard, beautiful chapel, modern gymnasium, and classrooms that will take students from kindergarten through high school.

How many thousands of dollars Peter has invested in the school he does not say. "It is our life's work," he and his wife declare. "One does not bother about the price tag." They have established the Robotti foundation to carry on their philanthropic work in Fubine after their deaths.

How can a man run a restaurant with a staff of 50, work from 9 A. M. to midnight each day, and simultaneously carry on a building and restoration program on the other side of the ocean?

"The secret lies in having loyal and interested friends," Peter explains. "Dr. Garlasco takes care of the poor. He also is chairman of a committee that oversees the school project. A cousin of mine, John Ferrari, is director of education in Fubine. And, of course, Emilio Don Buzio was a tremendous help until his death last July."

Fortunately, Peter has to make frequent trips back to Fubine because many of the fine wines that stock the Chateau Richelieu cellars come from vineyards that his forebears planted. The family home is still there, kept

in shining order for Peter's visits by a niece, Lena Regio. The whole town turns out to welcome him. At the cathedral, a special Mass is always celebrated in memory of his parents, and for his continued prosperity.

The role of favorite son hasn't changed Peter. He received the news

of forthcoming awards from Church and state with quiet gratitude.

"A man owes a debt to his home town," says Peter. "It helps shape him into the man he becomes. Furniture was good to my family and to me. I am glad I can make it happier for others."



THE PERFECT ASSIST

When a business executive who has habitually worked overtime abruptly changes his ways, the reason is usually doctor's orders. So I was prepared to sympathize with my friend Bill when I learned that he had recently started leaving his office promptly at 5 P.M. every day. But it turned out that no sympathy was in order.

"Matter of fact," he told me, "I've never felt better in my life. But something happened a few weeks ago that gave me a new perspective. When I got home late one evening I found my wife and the kids all dressed up and waiting for me. I had completely forgotten it was my birthday. Well, they each had a package for me: loafer shoes, slacks, sport shirt. Funny thing, though—I noticed that the sizes marked on the boxes were all bigger than I take."

He paused, smiling reminiscently.

"Usually buy your own things, huh?" I put in.

"No!" he shook his head. "My wife always does it; she knows all my sizes. That's what puzzled me. So I asked. And Stephanie—that's my oldest—just handed me the shirt and told me to try it on. And then I got another surprise. It fitted perfectly. Well, I must have looked pretty puzzled, because they all laughed, and Bill Junior said, 'Daddy, we just want you to know that you're an even bigger man here at home than you are at the office!'"

He paused again, grinning. "Of course, it turned out that they had just had the boxes switched to show larger sizes. But I couldn't get what Bill Junior said out of my mind. Made me feel sort of ashamed for not spending more time at home. So the next day I knocked off at five o'clock sharp. And, you know, now that I have found out what I've been missing, I haven't worked overtime since."

Hal Chadwick.

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Our Last Days Together

*How my beloved husband
faced God's inevitable call*



SOME TIME AGO, I read a book which depressed me more than any I have ever read: *Death of a Man*, by Lael Wertebaker. It is the story of the death of her 53-year-old husband, Wert.

In September, 1954, Wert was told by his doctor that he had cancer. Wert had guessed this for at least a year, and had failed to do anything about it. Immediate surgery was necessary.

All through Wert and Lael's discussions of that development, one can sense the mutual love which bound them. In their married life there had been no secrets, and Lael promised that there would be none now. When the operation disclosed a growth too widespread for removal, she told Wert the truth: "He had a piece of good time coming, but the sentence was death."

Wert made the usual postoperative progress, and in early November returned to his family. The day after Christmas he told his wife, "Time's come." Together they made a lethal solution of morphine, and Wert

pumped it into his leg. But after it, he merely "felt fine." Twice again he tried to take his own life, and failed. On the night of Jan. 7, Lael brought Wert his razor, and she held him while he slashed his wrists.

Wert did not believe, as Shakespeare says, that we "owe God a death." He was conscious of no debt, so there was no question of paying it. To Lael this attitude was so reasonable that she felt no horror in what she did. Her book attempts to justify, indeed glorifies, her husband's carefully calculated decision to take his own life.

It is the dreadful paradoxes which make Lael's story so frightening. The Wertebakers were honest people, if to be honest is to destroy something you did not, and could not, make. They were brave, if it be brave to refuse the pain of natural dissolution. They were loving parents, if it is truly love to bequeath such a heritage to those whom they had brought into the world.

That was the death of Lael Wertenbaker's man—and this the death of mine.

In June, 1951, my husband Andrew, a surgeon, was told by a colleague that he had cancer. Unlike Lael, I was not called upon to break the news to my husband about his condition, for he knew only too well what the course of his disease would be.

Had it been discovered a year or even six months earlier, the story could have been different. As it was, when Andrew was operated on, all his abdominal glands were found to be affected. The prognosis, as he well knew, was poor.

He made an uneventful recovery from the operation and life went on apparently the same. But from then on, there was fear in his eyes. It was a controlled and disciplined fear, probably visible only to those who loved him, but it was there. It was there also beneath the intonations of his voice, beneath the wit and humor which still characterized him. For all fit and happy people fear death: that terrible step which must be taken alone, and which cuts us off so irrevocably from those we love. The brave can dissemble, but they are the brave.

However, we made few changes in our life. If anything, Andrew worked harder—to accomplish as much as possible in what little time was left to him. He lectured to his students, wrote his medical papers and treated his patients.

Toward me and the children, he showed a heightened awareness of the joy of being together and a hunger to lose none of our simple pleasures. The quiet country walks in lanes we knew so well took on added significance. We looked at beauty with new eyes, because we now knew, as never before, that life was ephemeral. We realized that it is death which gives life its meaning.

The days went by, and we kept on hoping. Whatever medical science may know, it can never be sure about the date of death. In many diseases there are inexplicable regressions and apparent cures; hope is a virtue to be fostered. In these circumstances, indeed, hope is essential; it is the only thing that can comfort the human spirit. From childhood on, we hope for toys, success, recognition, happiness; and the ultimate hope is for the greatest gift of all, life.

Later, there were to be arid days beyond all feeling, when the roots of our being called out for hope—and there was none.

Months passed, and my husband felt well and looked well. We enjoyed our friends and our cottage by the sea. Sometimes we could forget fear so that there were no undertones in our laughter, no need for a guard on our speech. We could find again the old untroubled happiness that over the years we had taken for granted.

But those days were getting fewer. An unexplained weariness, a sleep-



Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

John Donne.

less night would bring back the old anxiety. Yet always his shining courage gave me strength, even when I myself faltered.

He learned to walk with fear, to accept it; I think before he died he made of it a friend. Once he referred to the bedroom, where he then slept alone, as "a fortress where he fought it out with himself." As time went on, we shared a room again, for there was no more fear to fight; he had won. He had subjugated man's most primitive instinct: to survive. He had willingly accepted his death with all its pains, and now there was no more fear. Instead there was an abiding peace.

So passed two and a half years, until a December evening, a bare week before Christmas, 1953. I had walked into our living room with an armful of presents, colored paper wrappings, and greeting cards, and asked for the customary glass of sherry. We were sipping it in the firelight when he said, "Look, I discovered a gland today." Fear leapt up, clutching my throat and drying my mouth, but I managed to ask what the gland signified. He said, "It means I won't be with you in six months' time."

I had known all along that it would come to this, but now it seemed incredible that this deep, level, easy voice should be saying this terrible thing. The room went quite cold, as though the fire had gone out.

We drank another glass of sherry. There were no unnerving tears to let

loose the choking, rending sobs that can undo one. Almost calmly, we discussed the implications, the human considerations, the medical evidence. And then, because hope is eternal, we started hoping for a reprieve. The next day, I remember going into a church, and kneeling beneath a great high crucifix. There, with only God to see the tears streaming down my face, I asked the lonely dead Christ for a few extra years for my darling. And while I knelt, I realized that Christ Himself had lived only 33, and that his death was crueler and more anguished than anything we could be asked to endure. (My husband was then 55.)

I came away knowing that my prayers would not be answered in the way I asked, yet strangely comforted and resigned. Eventually, we were both able to say together the noblest and least selfish of prayers, the prayer of the will when all emotion has drained away: "*Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.*"

It may seem strange, but all this time we were happy. There were, of course, terrible times, like the moment during our last Christmas dinner when he toasted me, as he always did, in the wine which our sons had always loved. Our eyes met over our glasses, but they were too full of love for tears, and the moment passed. The boys noticed nothing: there was to be no shadow on their festivities.

A week later, we went as we had done for years to a New Year's eve party at the house of friends. We

must both have been dreading midnight and the usual boisterous greetings, but we kissed each other and said, "Happy New Year, darling," knowing that it could not be happy. That was a moment of terrible insight and sadness, but the moment passed.

What most nearly betrayed us were growing things, so senselessly unaware of our piercing sorrow, as we saw together, for the last time, the daffodils bursting through, with their promise of an early spring. Indeed, this had always touched us closely, but that year spring seemed more beautiful than ever. Each time we walked through the garden, the trees seemed greener and further in leaf, and the unspoken thought was, "Next year she will see this alone," or, "Next year I will be here alone." But I could still touch his hand, grateful that it was warm, even though I knew that in two months' time, at the most three, that hand would be cold. There was sweetness even in the sadness.

In the middle of March, new and very disquieting symptoms appeared. Andrew explained these to me, as he had all the others. The following month his colleague agreed that the cancer had invaded his brain. He told us while we were sitting in his consulting room, on a settee, together. It was only then that hope died, for us both—died horribly and silently, and without a sign.

Now began the beginning of the end. Frequently there were depths

of weakness so exhausting that it was worse than pain. There was the humiliating loss of speech which made Andrew's brilliant brain capable only of an agonized and frustrated gibberish; the useless, paralyzed arm, which meant that he had to be fed and bathed and dressed; the dragging leg which made movement impossible.

At this time our only daughter was a novice in a convent some 60 miles away. A big part of the sacrifice she had made when she left us was the knowledge that, as a nun, she could never come home again. Now, much as she loved her father—and no father was ever loved more deeply by any daughter—she was prepared, in order to save him pain, not to see him again: to give up her hope of hearing his voice and looking once more into his loving eyes. But weary unto death as he then was, he insisted on going to her.

Many times in our lives, by the dispensation of a merciful providence, we are spared the knowledge that this is the last time, this side of eternity, that we will see a loved one. It was not so for these two, nor for us who watched. And yet, as this lovely young girl, clothed in the dignity of her Religious habit, kissed her dying father good-by, there were no tears. Love was truly stronger than death.

But on that last journey home, to await the inevitable end, the poignancy of his thoughts must have been almost unbearable. These are

the times when man's dignity and strength are sublime. His never failed him. Dumb, wasted, and worn, he asked for no drugs; and I, watching beside his bed, would remember the first night we had met, and the recognition of our mutual delight in Browning. Then he had quoted to me from *Prospice*.

*I would hate that death bandaged
my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.*

He neither asked nor took the easy way, but consciously went on paying his debt to God, with the greatness of his spirit shining through his ravaged body.

On Monday, the first day of June, his doctor, who was also his friend, said that Andrew could not possibly live through the night. Once more I sent for our pastor to give him the last blessing for the last journey. The Prayers for the Dying were to be said at nine that evening. No one who was there could forget the sweetness and beauty of that deathbed.

My husband was unconscious, but suffering had so ennobled his face that we knew with the psalmist that "the bones that were humbled shall rejoice." The blessed candles flickered on either side of his bed in the warm twilight air. His sons and I and his sister-in-law, who had nursed him devotedly, knelt around his bed. Kneeling also in the room, and stretching all along a wide corridor,

were our friends. Together we prayed for his soul, poised in flight between this world and the next. There was an urgency in our prayers.

*"O God of Infinite Mercy, forgiv-
him any sins he has committed
through human frailty. Holy God,
holy strong God, holy immortal God,
have compassion on his soul."*

And then the last and most powerful prayer for the departing soul. "Go forth, O Christian soul, in the name of God, the Father almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God who suffered and died for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee. Let peace come to thee this day, and let thy abode be in holy Sion."

That sending forth was the sublime moment—the moment to which all of life leads, and perhaps the only one which truly counts.

Andrew did not die that night, and early the following morning, for three precious minutes, he regained consciousness. Once again his dear blue eyes were alight with love and peace and memory, and God granted him three syllables to bid me goodbye. A moment later he closed his eyes, and a cuckoo, on the tree beneath the window, began his heartless calling. The sun was shining into the room. It was warm with the promise of a glorious day, but he was cold. Very soon we folded his white hands reverently upon his breast. This was the death of a man.

By Cabell Phillips
Condensed from the
"New York Times Magazine"*



O say can you sing it?

All attempts to simplify our national anthem have failed before the wrath of outraged patriots

O SAY CAN YOU SING *The Star-Spangled Banner* without mumbling the hard words and petering out on the high notes with a feeble, unpatriotic cackle?

The tune is a rousing one that makes the blood tingle. And the lyric, if not exactly of epic quality, is a good, honest piece of poesy. The anthem will hold its own in any international competition when de-

livered by a 60-piece brass band. But for mass singing, which is what a national anthem ought to be for, it is, and let's face it, a one-and-one-half-octave bust.

Francis Scott Key composed his immortal stanzas while watching a British naval attack on Baltimore during the War of 1812. A prominent Washington lawyer and amateur versifier, he boarded a ship of the British fleet to intercede for the release of a prisoner. As the fleet was then en route to Baltimore, Key and his party were taken temporarily into custody.

From this vantage point, through the night of Sept. 13, 1814, Key watched "the rocket's red glare" and "the bomb bursting in air" over Fort McHenry. His anxiety was intense, for he had no way of knowing how well the fort was withstanding the assault. Finally, as dawn knifed through the smoke and drizzle, he espied the Stars and Stripes still flying bravely above the fort. According to at least one reputable historian, he whipped an old letter from his pocket and poured out his poetic inspiration upon it. The next day, having been released by the British, he turned it over to a Baltimore printer.

It is at this point that confusion begins. According to one outstanding

*229 W. 43d St., New York City 36. May 18, 1958. © 1958 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

authority the printer to whom Key gave his original manuscript was a 14-year-old apprentice. This lad, carried away by enthusiasm or ignorance, sprinkled the printed handbill liberally with capital letters, punctuation marks and verbal variations of his own choosing.

The original manuscript was never recovered from the printer. On that same day, however, Key wrote out from memory a fresh copy of his poem for his brother-in-law. It differed in many grammatical (but no substantive) respects from the handbill. Thus, differing versions of the lyric gained almost simultaneous distribution.

Key wrote his poem to be sung to the tune of a currently popular air imported from England, *To Anacreon in Heaven*. Some scholars hold that it was composed for the London Anacreontic society, a convivial but soundly professional orchestral association, by Samuel Arnold, an English composer who lived between 1740 and 1803.

Another theory is that it was written around the end of the 17th century as a regimental march for the 5th Inniskilling Dragoons. In that case, it was not meant to be sung at all.

But sung it was, and by Key's time there had been no fewer than 85 different songs set to it. By far the most widely known of these was *To Anacreon in Heaven*, which the Anacreontics liked to sing when they had adjourned their serious musical

sessions to a nearby London ale-house. Just to give an idea of the mood, here is how the first verse went.

*On the top of a rock quite remote
from the tide,
A few jolly mortals were peaceably
seated;
With the juice from the vine, all the
roughness of pride
Was mellowed—and care from their
mansions retreated:
With friendship divine
Gay pleasures entwine
While Bacchus still lent them his
tankards of wine;
And thus cries the rosy god, " 'Tis
from the bowl
Flow the joy of heart and the peace
of the soul."*

For about 100 years *The Star-Spangled Banner* rocked along in its diversified way to the annoyance of no one except perhaps a few musicologists.

In 1918, during the patriotic fervor of the 1st World War, some music scholars persuaded the government that something ought to be done about the national anthem. Two official commissions were established, one representing the military services, the other, the Bureau of Education. From them evolved the "service" and the "education" versions of the song.

Though the investigators reduced the confusion they did not eliminate it. Each version contained certain

peculiarities of spelling and punctuation in the text and of rhythm in the music that set it apart from the other. Music publishers, meanwhile, have continued to distribute their own editions. There are perhaps as many as a dozen variants in print. They play hob with musicians and organizations to whom uniformity is essential.

The problem is illustrated by a letter received recently by the Music division of the Library of Congress from a Boy Scout official, who wrote, "In working on a revision of the *Scout Handbook* I have so far come up with eight different versions.

"In the first line of the first verse, for instance, I have found: 'O say can you see'; 'O! say can you see'; and 'Oh! Say, can you see.'

"In the second line: 'Hail'd'; 'Hailed'; 'Gleaming'; 'Gleaming?' . . . and so on."

Among other textual variations which occur are "rockets' red glare" and "rocket's red glare"; "bombs bursting in air" and "bomb bursting in air"; "bright stars and broad stripes" versus "broad stripes and bright stars"; "when our cause it is just" versus "since our cause it is just," and so on. One of the most subtle but troublesome variants concerns capitalization of *power* in the fourth line of the fourth stanza. Key wrote it lower case, and scholars have taken this to mean he was referring, not to God in person, but to an attribute of God. In many versions, however, the word is spelled with a capi-

tal P, which seems to make it a synonym for God. This distinction, although academic, is a substantial one.

The most conspicuous variation in the tune concerns the first three notes that go with the words, "O say can . . ." In Key's time this opening was generally played with three repeated notes on the tonic. Since about 1843 the phrase has been rendered as a descending triad, and that is the way most of us hear it, in spite of the fact that the earlier scheme still pops up in some published arrangements.

That devoted amateur musician Harry S. Truman winced a little while ago when Edward R. Murrow asked him about his identification with the *Missouri Waltz*. The former President said the waltz is "as bad as *The Star-Spangled Banner* so far as music is concerned."

Lucy Monroe, who has sung the anthem more than 5,000 times, agrees that the music is difficult for an untrained voice. She says, "I always ask the audience to join in when I sing it, and hardly any of the singers are able to handle the high notes in the middle section. I feel strongly that the basic melody should be retained. But within this framework I do favor revising the melody to bring the high notes to a lower range. Then it will be easier for all of us to sing."

Several national anthem bills were introduced in the last session of Congress, but none got out of com-

mittee. One, to make the old "education" version the legal standard, was the first bill ever introduced consisting of a musical score. The words were the familiar ones, but with a few rough edges smoothed off—"bomb bursting in air" is a lot easier to handle, for example, than "bombs bursting in air": try it. The spelling adhered as closely as possible to the oldest Key manuscript.

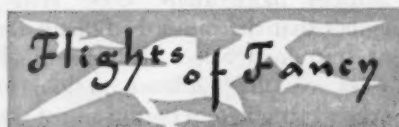
To the untrained musical ear, then, the proposed "standardized" *Star-Spangled Banner* sounds just as noble and stirring and familiar as it always has—and is just as unsingable.

Only one bill proposed to tame the musical excesses of the conventional tune. It offered an arrangement by Paul Taubman, a musical director for the Columbia Broadcasting system, which, in effect, shears

off the top notes at "rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air" and drops, by an intricate transition, to a lower key. A change was also applied at the phrase, "land of the free." The result is a good deal easier for the untrained singer to handle, but to this untrained singer's ear, at least, it doesn't sound, after the first few bars, much like *The Star-Spangled Banner* of old.

It was defeated by a variety of potent organizations, standing against any "desecration" of the anthem. Any tampering that makes *The Star-Spangled Banner* sound different immediately sets their patriots' blood to boiling.

"I think most people are so accustomed to *The Star-Spangled Banner* the way it is that they regard sloughing over the highs and lows as part of the game," one congressman said.



Poplars picketing the lawn.

Sister Cesira

A little wind fingered the curtains.

Faith Baldwin

Compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor roof. James Russell Lowell

Genealogy: tracing yourself back to people better than you. J. G. Pollard

Pessimist: one who, of two evils, chooses both. W. A. Karol

Prejudice: vagrant opinion without visible means of support. Ambrose Bierce

Best Christmas package: a happy family wrapped up in each other.

Burton Halis

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Foods to Relax By

Sensible eating can chase those butterflies out of your stomach



CAVIAR AND CHAMPAGNE make the most perfect stress diet ever devised," says Dr. Arnold A. Hutschnecker, who has explored the relation of tension to what we eat. (Caviar is unusually high in food value; champagne helps you relax.) "The only stress involved in this particular diet," the doctor wryly adds, "is in paying the bill."

The student who is jittery before a school examination, the paratrooper who is tense before a jump, the housewife who has had an exasperating day—all are under stress. Strong emotion: anger, fear, worry, anticipation, and even overstimulation have a direct physiological effect on digestion.

How *should* you eat when you are keyed up? Says one specialist in digestive problems: "People don't know how or what to eat when they are tense. Almost invariably they do the wrong thing." A business executive has such a stimulating morning conference that the idea of eating makes his stomach flutter. He chooses not to eat at all. Another business-

man, after the same type of conference, sits down to a meal of bean soup, pork chops, French-fried potatoes, pie, and ice cream. Small wonder that such men develop ulcers. "Then," says the specialist, "they come to me."

Executives, particularly, need to combat tension through diet. They are most often exposed to that gastro-nomic bomb, the business lunch. At a business lunch, a man must be a dual personality. He must be sociable, and at the same time drive hard to get his point across. As one psychiatrist points out, "Because it's business, the man must be aggressive. But eating is a vegetative process, the opposite of fighting. When digestive juices *should* be at work, adrenalin is at work. Attending a business lunch is like shooting a gun at the same time that you're eating a sandwich."

One Manhattan restaurant now serves a daily "executive tension luncheon." The foods on the special menu are carefully chosen to mitigate tension.

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. September, 1958. © 1958 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

You don't have to develop an ulcer. You can digest better, relax better, and become healthier by following certain rules of eating. A New York City Health department physician, Dr. Gerald Brill, who is in charge of one of New York's nutrition clinics, outlines a specific plan.

"First of all," stresses Dr. Brill, "when you are under tension, *don't* skip a meal. At such times, stomach acids increase. The result is increased tension. Food is the best neutralizer of stomach acid."

Experiments show that food relieves tension. Conversely, a person is most nervous when he is hungry; some people are downright impossible. A pleasant-natured wife can turn into a scold. A husband arrives home so irritable that his equally nervous wife asks him why he came home at all. A nice-tempered child starts to whine. Tests at Columbia university indicate that people have almost 50% of their emotional flare-ups when their stomachs are nearly empty, usually just before mealtime.

One reason is that the blood-sugar level is lowest when the stomach is almost empty. An adequate blood-sugar level is as essential as oxygen to all body tissues, but one organ, the brain, is particularly sensitive to an abnormally low blood-sugar level. Hence the poor concentration, irritability, and nervousness which accompany hunger. To complicate matters further, when a person is tense he burns up energy at an in-

creased rate. A tense morning causes the blood-sugar level to fall rapidly. The result is more nervousness: the vicious circle is complete.

What happens when you eat? After the meal, your blood sugar rises steadily, reaching its peak an hour later. For another hour it remains slightly higher than normal. Then it falls slowly, reaching its lowest point just before the next meal.

But how much should you eat when you are under tension? "A smaller meal than when you're relaxed," says Dr. Brill. Although tension uses up energy, and you therefore need food, your digestion is less efficient. When a person is nervous, his stomach becomes smaller and therefore unable to handle as large a quantity of food as when he's relaxed. The average person who is upset about something should avoid large meals.

"If possible," advises Dr. Brill, "eat small meals every two hours." The practice helps the person under tension not only because smaller quantities of food are taken in, but also because his blood sugar is kept at an adequate level and the stomach acids that increase tension are used up.

The old-fashioned notion that the stomach needs rest from food is hard to dislodge. Experiments show, however, that the empty stomach is a lot busier with its contractions and spasms than the stomach which contains food.

Europeans eat frequently between

meals. The Scandinavians serve snacks of coffee and bread and butter. "The English afternoon tea is a good idea," says Dr. Brill.

According to Dr. Brill, a low blood-sugar level retards thinking. "The tense executive en route to a conference would do well to eat a chocolate bar. Sugar in this form goes immediately into the blood."

Is it possible for a person under tension to relax before eating? Most nutritionists now agree that an alcoholic drink is helpful. Alcohol has two positive effects: it relaxes, and it provides a sense of well-being. But it is important to eat immediately after having a drink; otherwise, a false sense of satisfaction and a later increase in tension will result.

What foods should you steer clear of when you are tense? Dr. Brill cautions, "You cannot get away with eating the same heavy, spicy foods your stomach could handle when relaxed." Eating such foods as horseradish, curried dishes, chili, or mustard is like swallowing a lighted firecracker.

Fats can be bad, too. But it's an old wives' tale that fats are indigestible. "The fable got started," says Dr. Brill, "because people who have digestive problems (gallstones, for example) find fats difficult to digest. The healthy, relaxed individual digests fats well. Still, since fats are somewhat less easily digested than proteins and starches, you should avoid *high* fat foods when you're under tension."

This is precisely the point at which so many tense people go wrong. Fats are the most satisfying of all foods. Most gourmet items include them. They tempt the tense person to go overboard.

But what if a person who is tense must attend a dinner at which he is likely to be served a very fat or spicy meal? The best thing is to skip as many dishes as possible. Lecturers, businessmen, and politicians who attend banquets develop all kinds of stratagems to avoid eating such dinners; waiters remove their plates almost untouched.

There are exceptions. So complex are people that they can sometimes get away with eating a heavy meal even when perturbed: when, for example, they choose foods that satisfy psychological needs. Psychologists call these "comfort" foods.

Comfort foods are remembered from childhood. The child who scrapes a knee is comforted with ice cream. Eating ice cream in later life gives a subconsciously remembered feeling of security. The secure family feeling of mealtimes in childhood may be tied in with Swedish meatballs or lutefisk if the family diet contained Swedish foods; for the Italian, it might be spaghetti and meatballs.

"A comfort food," says Dr. Brill, "no matter what the food is, helps do away with the cause of stress. It is better, in such cases, to eat it than to eat an unsatisfying 'digestible' dish of cereal."

But suppose you haven't even time to sit down? You are on the grab-a-sandwich circuit. In that event, you are better off with a malted milk, because it gives the food value you need and doesn't require chewing.

Celebrities learn tricks for eating under tension. When opera singer Risè Stevens is not giving a performance, she revels in gourmet dishes. But before a performance she has no appetite. Yet she forces herself to eat. The menu: broiled lamb chop or steak, baked potato, string beans, coffee, and a sweet. After the performance, before going to bed she has a lukewarm glass of milk and a chicken sandwich.

Should a tense person eat before going to bed? Yes, says Dr. Brill. It's a good idea to eat. The food will help relax you, and even make you feel better in the morning, provided you don't eat a heavy meal. Milk and toast are good.

Children especially can profit by before-bed, midmorning, and mid-afternoon snacks. Children are so active that they burn up as much energy as a tense adult. The result is irritability, crying before meals, and a craving for sweets. The craving is a natural one that needs satisfying. Orange juice is an excellent choice.

Can controlling the temperature of

foods lessen tension? Yes. Too hot or too cold foods increase stress by aggravating the stomach.

There is no one miracle food that is calming, but there are foods that help us unwind. For immediate relief, Dr. Brill suggests carbohydrates or sugar; candy is a quick pick-me-up. Less quick to act, but with more satiety value, are proteins, such as meat and eggs.

But what about our regular meals, eaten under ordinary circumstances? "The more we worry about what we eat, the poorer are our chances of good digestion," says Dr. Brill.

In the early 1900's people didn't eat to keep waistlines. Neither did they select their food according to its degree of digestibility. Then, people ate the meal which gave them the greatest satisfaction, and which, despite fad diets, is still the most popular meal: soup, meat and potatoes, a vegetable, a salad with oil dressing, and a dessert. This is the meal which produces the greatest sense of comfort and well-being, physically and psychologically. It is the kind of meal most likely to *prevent* tension.

All studies indicate that if you adopt a high-protein, well-balanced diet, your nerves become steadier. As Oscar Wilde said, "After a good dinner, one can forgive anybody, even one's own relations."



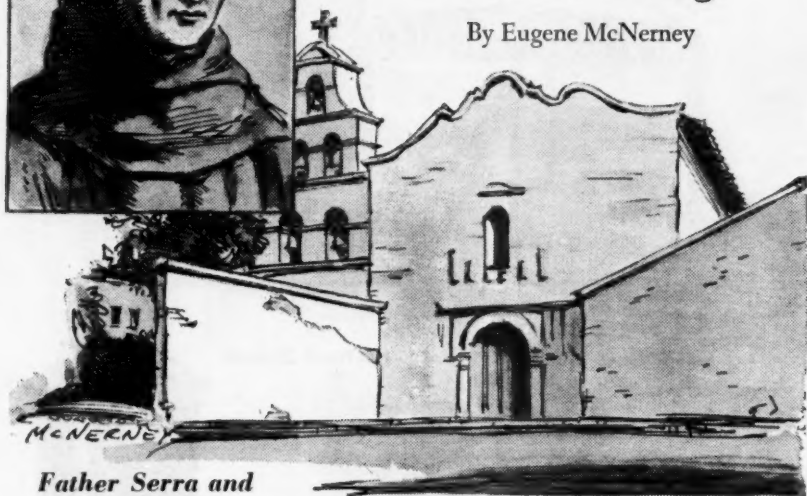
A thug entered a Chinese restaurant and said to the cashier, "Fix me up all your money—to take out."

Cedric Adams in the Minneapolis Star (9 July '58).



On the Highway of the King

By Eugene McNerney

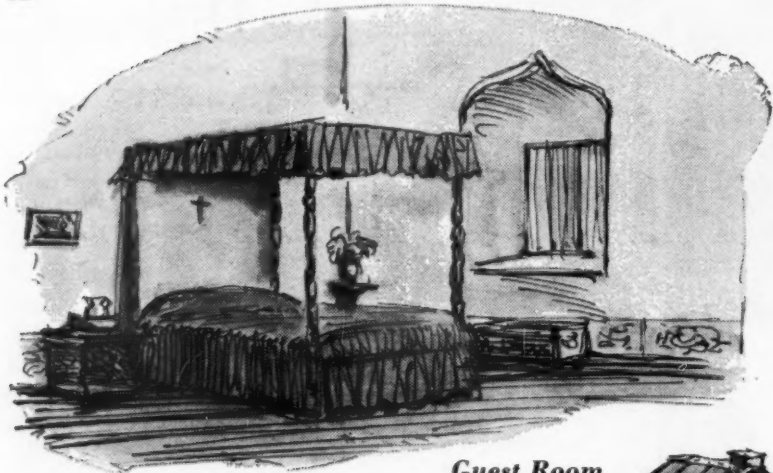
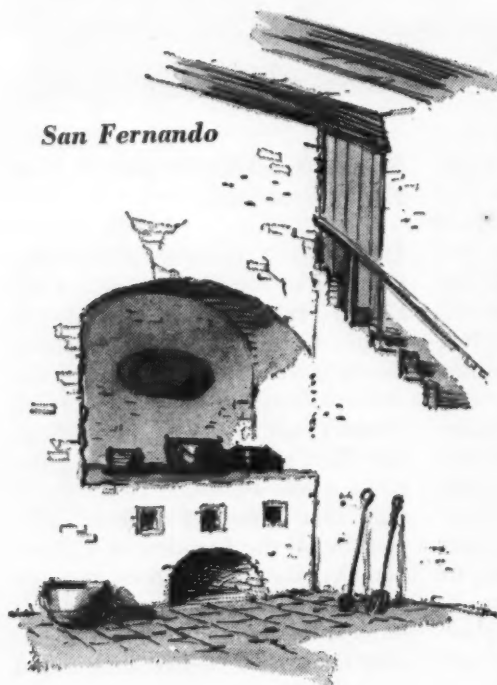


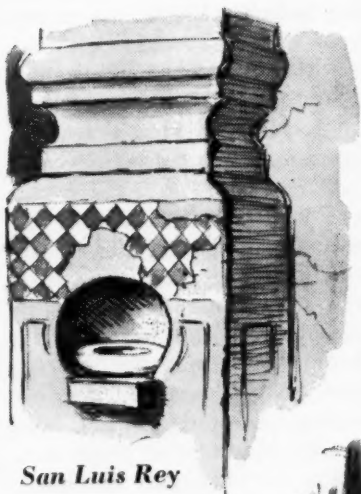
**Father Serra and
San Diego**

FATHER SERRA AND SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA. It was at San Diego that Fray Junipero Serra, a 55-year-old philosophy professor turned missionary, founded the first of the 21 California missions. He arrived there on July 1, 1769, after a grueling four-month journey from Lower California with a military expedition searching for Monterey bay. In the next 60 years the 21 missions put the Catholic stamp on the place names of California. From cities to mountains, from rivers to deserts, practically everything in California is christened in Spanish. An amusing exception is the place where Father Serra started it all:

Mission San Diego is just off Murphy Canyon road.

GUEST ROOM. Franciscan hospitality was a chief factor in building California. The missions were the hotels of old California, the only places where travelers could rest, and the mule path connecting them was California's only road, *El Camino Real*, the King's Highway. This guest room at San Fernando Rey must at some time or other have been occupied by all the founders of California. Occasionally the friars' hospitality was abused; one man stayed two years at San Fernando. The Franciscans must have wished they had a

*Guest Room**San Fernando**Grave Marker**Baptismal Font*



San Luis Rey



Campanile



*Santa
Barbara*



Santa Ines

McNERNEY '58

rule like St. Benedict's: "Let two stout monks, in the name of God, explain the matter to him."

SAN FERNANDO. San Fernando is a good place to see how life was lived at the missions. The Long Building holds an impressive number of common, everyday artifacts used in the first days of California. The tall, two-story kitchen contains this handsomely proportioned stove and oven. Over the pots on the back wall is a beautiful, hand-carved serving tray. The church here has one amusing feature, a mirror-backed altar. Presumably this was to enable the priest to keep an eye on his Indian converts.

GRAVE MARKER. This picturesque, glass-fronted wooden monument is in the quiet cemetery of Mission San Luis Rey. Here the Luiseno Indians came for their funerals, weeping and wailing. An almost fatal flaw of the mission system was the inability of the Indian communities crowded about the missions to withstand the new diseases introduced by the white men. Measles, influenza, and smallpox caused a staggering mortality.

BAPTISMAL FONT. "You mean they put babies in *that*? Did they close the lid?" a small Dennis the Menace asked as I sat sketching this bronze and wrought-iron font at San Luis Rey. During the mission era, 146 Franciscans baptized 99,000 persons. The priests educated as many Indian

boys as they could, and at least two Indians from San Luis Rey were sent to Rome to study for the priesthood. When Mexico secularized the missions in 1832 the budding civilization quickly collapsed, and California became a land for whites only.

SAN LUIS REY. In the church at San Luis Rey is this unique Indian-decorated adobe holy-water font with a built-in stone bowl. A manuscript written by one of the Indians studying in Rome mentions that his "people just out of the woods" became masons, vintners, soapmakers, bakers, cooks, blacksmiths, carpenters, gardeners, shoemakers, cowboys, shepherds, tanners, musicians, and artists.

SANTA BARBARA. Santa Barbara, called Queen of the Missions, is now the motherhouse of the Franciscans on the Pacific coast. It is a beautiful, graceful building, though not entirely characteristic of what we now call California-mission architecture. Most of the buildings the friars built were long, low, and rambling. Their massive walls were designed to withstand the earthquakes which repeatedly destroyed many mission buildings. Architects trace a Moorish influence in the open courtyards, long cloisters, many arches, and heavy bell towers characteristic of most of the missions.

FRANCISCAN BROTHER. A pleasantly breezy Brother guided us through

the museum at San Luis Rey. The museum holds two special treasures: a fine collection of old vestments, many of which had been altered from the ball gowns of great ladies of nearby *ranchos*; and also the original copy of a U. S. decree returning the missions to the Church after some 30 years of Mexican and American military rule. It is signed by Abraham Lincoln.

CAMPANILE. The detached campanile is once again coming into fashion in church architecture. There are several among the California mis-

sions. My favorite example is at out-of-the-way Pala Asistencia, a mission station of San Luis Rey, which still serves reservation Indians. Pala was once a miniature San Luis, with its own great Indian villages and vast herds of horses and cattle.

SANTA INES. Some 40 miles northwest of Santa Barbara, a day's journey by mule, lies Santa Ines, famous in mission days for its seminary and great herds, famous today for its murals and art work. I liked this door especially. The indented design represents the River of Life.



In Our Parish

In our parish our six-year-old Cathy came home from school eager to relate her experiences of the day.

"We set out some plants in cans," she reported, "and Sister sent me out in the yard to get some dirt. There was nobody there.

"Daddy," she said in an awed voice, "I could have escaped." Rex Campbell.

*

In our parish my son Joe and I were walking home from Confession one Saturday when he said, "Dad, I sure wanted to ask Father something, but I didn't think I'd better."

"That's what Father's there for, Joe," I said. "Always feel free to ask him anything. He'll help you."

"Yes, I know that, dad, but I didn't think I should ask him about this," Joe said doubtfully.

I thought it over for a minute. "Well," I said gently, "maybe I could help."

"Yeah," Joe said, brightening considerably, "maybe you would know. What makes that little light go on when you go in the confessional?" William Kelemen.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

By George R. Price

Condensed from "Popular Science Monthly"*

The Week They Explored the Moon

*The greatest newspaper hoax of all time
fooled millions of Americans*

SUPPOSE that tomorrow morning some highly respected American newspaper (a paper like the New York Times) were to publish an exclusive interview with a Russian scientist who has managed to escape to the U. S.

Our imaginary scientist (we'll call him Dr. Marchenko) is being held incommunicado at an army camp in Alabama, because the Department of Defense is afraid panic will sweep the country if his story gets out. But somehow a reporter has managed to interview him. There is a statement from the editors that they know the story to be true, even though the government will deny everything.

The interview is to be published in three installments. In the first,

Dr. Marchenko reveals that three times—in December, 1957, and February and March, 1958—Russia faked unsuccessful ICBM tests to confuse the U.S. radar in Turkey, while shooting manned rockets to land on the far side of the moon. The first rocket crashed, but the second and third were successful. Dr. Marchenko was in the second rocket.

Our imaginary Russian tells about the landing on the moon, and about the exploration of the territory near the landing site. He and his companions found a region where carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide gases well up from fissures in the ground, and within the fissures strange lichens grow to six or eight feet.

Then the third rocket arrives, and



*353 4th Ave., New York City 10. July, 1958. © 1958 by Popular Science Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the party presses its explorations farther. They climb down inside some of the fissures, and find little blue animals somewhat like chipmunks, and slow-moving white animals the size of St. Bernard dogs.

Finally, they discover chambers excavated in the rock, their walls lined with a luminescent ceramic, and their furnishings indicating a high level of intelligence. They can find no trace of the inhabitants.

In the final installment, Dr. Marchenko tells how he returned to earth, escaped through East Germany into West Berlin, and was flown to the U.S. in an air force plane. The newspaper then announces that its circulation has now passed the 5½ million of *Pravda*, and is the largest daily in the world.

If this were to happen, would you believe the story?

It's easy to say No, but not quite 125 years ago millions of people in America and Europe believed a much more extraordinary story about the moon. This was the famous "moon hoax," probably the most successful newspaper hoax ever perpetrated.

In the fall of 1833 the famous astronomer Sir John Herschel left England bound for the Cape of Good Hope with a shipload of optical instruments, to set up an observatory and map the stars of the Southern hemisphere. The first report the U.S. received about his findings came in the New York *Sun* on Friday, Aug. 21, 1835.

CELESTIAL DISCOVERY

"The Edinburgh (Scotland) *Courant* says, 'We have just learnt from an eminent publisher in this city that Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, has made some astronomical discoveries of the most wonderful description, by means of an immense telescope of an entirely new principle.'"

Then, four days later, this headline appeared on the front page of the *Sun*:

GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES

Lately Made
By Sir John Herschel,
LL.D., F.R.S., &C.

At the Cape of Good Hope

[From Supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*.]

The *Sun* explained that "a medical gentleman" from Scotland visiting New York had with him a copy of the "supplement." He had seen the item about Herschel on August 21, and had given his copy to the *Sun*. The paper was going to reprint this historic scientific article written, said the *Sun*, by Dr. Andrew Grant.

The first installment was largely devoted to an extraordinary new telescope, with a colossal 24-foot, 14,826-pound lens that gave 42,000-fold magnification, and a microscope that magnified thousands of times more. The article explained that in order to eliminate the difficulty that the

more an image is magnified the fainter it gets, Herschel focused the first image from the telescope on a polished glass plate, and illuminated it by the intense light from a piece of lime heated by a hydrogen-oxygen flame. Then this brightened image was further magnified by the microscope, and projected onto the wall of the observation room.

In the second installment, the wonders began, as Sir John and his assistants took their first look at the moon through the new telescope on the evening of Jan. 10, 1835. First they saw an area covered with greenish-brown basaltic rock; then suddenly they came upon dark-red flowers: the first sign of life on the moon!

A little later they found forests of trees looking like English yews and firs. Next, they explored the area known as the Mare Nubium (the "Sea of Clouds") of Riccoli: "Fairer shores never angel coasted on a tour of pleasure. A beach of white sand, girt with wild castellated rocks, apparently of green marble . . . feathered and festooned at the summits with the clustering foliage of unknown trees, moved along the bright wall of our apartment until we were speechless with admiration."

Then came a region of great amethyst crystals 90 feet high. And finally they discovered the first animal life: herds of "brown quadrupeds" like bison; unicorns of a "bluish lead color, about the size of a goat"; water birds and "a strange amphibious

creature of a spherical form which rolled with great velocity across the pebbly beach."

In the third installment, even more fabulous animals were added: "a small kind of reindeer, the elk, the moose, the horned bear"; an "elegant striped quadruped about three feet high, like a miniature zebra"; and, most astonishing of all, the "biped beaver," which had no tail, walked erect on its hind legs, and built huts with tall chimneys, out of which smoke emerged.

By this time New York was wild with excitement, and little else was talked about except the amazing moon discoveries. And when the fourth installment was published, on Aug. 28, the little, upstart New York *Sun*, not yet two years old, announced that it had the world's largest circulation, 19,360, against 17,000 for the great London *Times*, founded 50 years earlier.

The sensational event in the fourth installment was the sighting of the first lunar men, which the account named the "*Vespertilio-homo*," or "man-bat." They averaged four feet in height; were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-colored hair; and had wings composed of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly upon their backs, from the top of their shoulders to the calves of their legs.

There were still two more installments, and the wonders continued. A solid quartz crystal 340 miles long, hills of "snow-white marble," a "tall

white stag with lofty spreading antlers black as ebony," great temples of polished sapphire, with roofs of yellow metal supported by sapphire columns 70 feet high, and "lovely green valleys . . . of paradisiacal beauty and fertility, and like primitive Eden in the bliss of their inhabitants."

At the very end of the last installment the astronomers reported a highly superior race of the man-bats, "of infinitely greater personal beauty . . . scarcely less lovely than the general representations of angels by the more imaginative schools of painters."

Such was the amazing story that began to spread, first through America, and then around the world. And everywhere it went, it was reprinted in newspaper or pamphlet form, with translations into French, German, Italian, and many other languages.

How many people actually believed it? According to one contemporary writer, not one American in ten discredited it. True, some New York newspapers promptly charged that the whole thing was a hoax. But people knew that papers were such bitter competitors that occasionally rival editors would assault each other on the street. So of course the other papers, chagrined over the *Sun's* scoop, might be expected to call it a hoax.

Even when the New York *Herald* declared that the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* had gone out of existence

a few years earlier, and identified the author of the moon story (correctly, it later proved) as Richard Adams Locke, the *Sun's* star reporter and a brilliant graduate of Cambridge university, still many people continued to believe in the moon discoveries.

Why was this extraordinary hoax so successful? At least five different reasons can be assigned.

1. People everywhere, at all times, like to hear and believe the exciting and the unusual.

2. The story was ingeniously presented, starting with the brief announcement, and then gradually building up through the telescope, the red flowers, and the conventional animal types, before introducing very strange animals and "man-bats."

3. The technical details about the telescope impressed readers, so that they assumed that if something seemed improbable, it was only because they did not understand it.

4. The article named real men like Herschel, real areas on the moon, and specific dates, and this sprinkling of reality and specific details made the fantastic part seem true.

5. Finally, the hoax was aided by some unexpected developments. For example, one day a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman told the crowd gathered outside the *Sun* building that he had himself seen the gigantic lens being loaded on shipboard at the East India Docks in London. (Locke, in the crowd, was flabbergasted.)

Of course, if people had known

more about science in those days, they could have quickly detected the fraud. The most obvious error was in claiming that the moon had seas and an atmosphere dense enough to support winged flight. Also, the gigantic telescope was completely absurd. To shine a bright light through a faint image would simply wash out the image instead of making it brighter. Finally, the whole story about life on the moon was just a little too pat, with its picture of unicorns, Gardens of Eden, and beings who looked like angels.

What does this episode mean for us today? Now, just as much as ever, people are eager to credit the most improbable stories. Many strongly believe in such unscientific phenomena (not necessarily deliberate hoaxes) as reincarnated Irish lassies, flying saucers from outer space, and houses haunted by whimsical poltergeists.

Not very many years ago, Americans tuned in a radio play and whole families fled from Martians. The gullibility that made people suckers for the moon hoax is still operating. And hoaxes are still being perpetrated with great ingenuity. As Shakespeare said, "O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!" Finally, unexpected things may occur that seem to support a fraud, as when people give

false testimony because of an honest error, or deliberately to win publicity.

The best defense, then, against being fooled is the same today as it was in 1835: to be skeptical about bizarre reports, and to have good basic scientific knowledge. Millions of people around the world accepted communist propaganda about germ warfare in Korea. But to anyone with knowledge of how bacteriological warfare actually would be waged it was technically absurd to say that the U.S. was bombing North Korea and China with clams infected with cholera and spiders carrying anthrax.

True, the shrinking of distances by air travel and instantaneous communications would today render such a hoax as the *Sun's* short-lived. Reporters would flock to South Africa; within 12 hours the fraud would be exposed. But that would not necessarily be the case with the wild tale we dreamed up for Dr. Marchenko. The universities as well as the launching pads of the Soviet Union are very much closed to us. A Red denial of such a story would mean nothing either way.

In any event, it will be good for us to keep in mind the astonishing story of how intelligent people were fooled by the biped beaver and the *Vespertilio-homo*.



A certain householder put a sign on her doorbell reading: "To ring the bell put a dime in the slot. Money will not be returned to solicitors." Ralph Woods.

By Ray Ashworth
As told to John Kord Langemann
Condensed from "This Week"*



Ghost cops are saving lives

That convertible with the top down may have an officer of the law for a driver

GHOST COPS, highway police in unmarked cars, operate in all but 15 states. They throw out nets for dangerous, often peculiar, kinds of fish. What do they catch?

In New Jersey recently, a man and his wife were stopped by a ghost cop for weaving through traffic at 95 mph in a 40 mph no-passing zone. Instead of arguing with the cop, the couple lit into each other.

"You and your glasses!" the man said angrily.

"You and your mirrors!" retorted his wife.

On the wife's lap was a pair of high-power binoculars. The driver's window was equipped with four side-view mirrors. But all their equipment didn't help them against a "ghost cop."

In Missouri, a highway-patrol sergeant in a blue sedan caught two thrill seekers racing side by side on a two-lane highway at 90 mph.

"We were watching for a black patrol car," one of the speeders grumbled.

In Wisconsin, a motorist who had been doing 85 mph for more than 50 miles was indignant when a marked patrol car came out of a side road and stopped him. "Why don't you get the guy behind me in the gray sedan?" he demanded. "He was going as fast as I was." Just then the gray sedan pulled up behind him. Out stepped the trooper who had radioed ahead to the marked car.

The ghost cop is out to catch the driver who can't resist breaking the law when he thinks no law-enforcement officer is around. In most areas where this phantom force is on pa-

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*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Aug. 24, 1958. © 1958 by United Newspapers Magazines Corp., and reprinted with permission.

trol, arrests have increased 30% to 40%.

Indignant citizens, even the AAA, complain about ghost cops. People have accused them of unwarranted invasion of the privacy of motorists. But what invasions of privacy could be quite so intrusive, or final, as a head-on collision?

Should drivers who are too irresponsible to obey traffic regulations, except when they know they are being watched, be given a sporting chance to get away with murder?

To the cries of "unfair" which went up when Minnesota started using ghost cops, one St. Paul resident exploded: "What is this, a game? Is it sporting to strew bodies along our highways?" As a former cop, I know how he felt. I have been on the scene at many accidents and watched the victims, sometimes an entire family, carried away in baskets because someone cheated on the speed limit or failed to stop at a red light.

Last year, car accidents killed 38,500 Americans, injured 1,350,000 more. I don't like to think how many more would die if the ghost cops disappeared.

In areas where ghost cops are known to operate, you'll find that the other fellow has a lot more respect for you. He thinks twice before he follows too close at high speeds, spurts by in no-passing zones, or races toward you in your lane. You might be a cop.

Opponents of ghost cops argue that unmarked cars can't be recog-

nized in cases of emergency, that the motorist never knows if he's being stopped by real cops or highjackers. Let's get the facts straight. When stopped by an unmarked car, you have a right to know that it is manned by real police and not impostors. Every police department provides full identification for its men. Practically all the ghost cops wear regular police uniforms, though some may remove their hats while driving.

How can you tell if the highway you're traveling is patrolled by ghost cops? The best policy is to assume that it is.

Completely unmarked police cars are permitted by law and regularly used in all but 15 states. These exceptions are Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Carolina, West Virginia, California, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. However, the states which require police cars to be marked do not all require that the marking be conspicuous. Ohio, for example, uses plain cars distinguished only by lettering on the side panels. These are not visible from front or rear, but are plainly visible to any violator as he is being overtaken.

Unmarked cars are usually standard two and four-door sedans of lower and medium-priced makes. Suburban wagons are also much used. A limited use is made of other models to keep reckless drivers gues-

THE AAA OBJECTS

The American Automobile Association is opposed to "fright campaigns" and tactics which harass motorists. We regard as improper the use of unmarked patrol cars.

Police cars, and officers in uniforms, should be easily identifiable day and night. There may be justification for a small number of less conspicuous highway-patrol vehicles used for special investigation purposes.

The great objective of traffic-law enforcement is the prevention of accidents. Clearly marked police cars and uniformed officers remind motorists to check their speed and pay attention to other safe-driving factors. A uniformed officer in a marked car is a living safety poster. It is a combination that encourages the voluntary compliance, on the part of America's 78 million licensed drivers, that is essential in the continuing battle against traffic casualties.

AAA Pres. Harry I. Kirk.

ing. In one swanky resort area, local police used a flashy convertible with the top down.

The hardest drivers to fool are the men who pilot the big cross-country trailer rigs. They swap notes on road conditions at every coffee stop. On the road they warn each other of police by light signals, beeps of the

horn, and waves of the hand. With regular patrol cars, this is child's play. The ghost cars make it a lot tougher.

The deterrent effect of the ordinary patrol car is limited. In a recent Washington study, a police vehicle cruised streets and highways for a week, studying the behavior of drivers in front and behind. It was found that when drivers see a patrol car they start to slow down about 800 feet to the rear. They continue to obey the speed limit to about 600 feet in front of the vehicle. Then they take off again. Police very aptly named this quarter-mile stretch the "halo zone," where motorists behave like little angels.

There is a direct relationship between the intensity of police coverage on a given length of highway and your chances of staying alive on it. Since police are too few to patrol highways according to traffic volume, they are forced to use "selective enforcement," concentrating men and equipment where the accident rates are highest.

Where a heavy concentration of regular patrol cars may reduce accidents by, say 10%, the addition of just a few ghost cars may cut the toll another 10% or 20%.

On thinly patrolled highways, a few ghost cars go a long way. And they pay off in fewer deaths and accidents.

So don't hate them. The more ghost cops there are, the fewer ghost motorists.

Sister Inez and the Witch

The TV teaching of the Benedictine anthropologist is based on firsthand experience



THE WITCH stepped out of the woods into the clearing. The natives grew quiet, but went on working.

Down the middle of her back, she wore a long, red-dyed, horsetail tail, the mark of her profession. Beads and bleached bits of bones dangled around her neck. Her hair hung in twisted strands, and she stared at the natives through cold, black eyes. Her face was a mask.

A nun walked toward her, smiling. The witch grunted.

"She didn't seem happy to see me, but I was happy to see her," recalls Sister M. Inez Hilger. "After all, I'd come all the way from St. Cloud, Minn., and up a mountain in southern Chile to talk to her." To world-traveling Benedictine Sister Inez, the Andean meeting in 1946 was one of the highlights of an 11,000-mile journey by airplane, boat, cart, and horse.

Her expedition was sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., to allow her to do research on the culture of the primitive and little-known Araucanian In-

dians. Hunting witches in the mountains was part of the job the five-foot, four-inch nun had agreed to tackle.

"We talked through an interpreter," Sister Inez recalls. "Although the woman denied being a witch, her knowledge of witchcraft made me feel certain she was earning a living by selling her black magic to revenge-seeking natives.

"She said that she lived in the woods, apart from the others. She told of grain fields being made to wither and die, while on all sides healthy stalks waved in the wind. And she described the practice of burying a hexed medium, usually spoiled meat, in a victim's land to bring ruin to his flocks and crops. She spoke of poisonous brews made of secret herbs; she even told of natives who died mysteriously after arguments with their neighbors.

"It was strange. I knew that she was a witch; she and the natives

knew she was a witch—yet no one was supposed to know she *was* a witch.

"But there was one thing she forgot to mention. If the intended victim can discover the meat buried in his field, he can hang it over a slow fire, and the witch who buried it will begin to wither instead of the crops."

"So, you see," Sister Inez smiled, "even witches have occupational hazards."

It is typical of this Minnesota nun that she knew more about the witch's craft than the witch did. Although the sorceress didn't know it at the time, she was standing face to face in that Andean clearing with one of the most distinguished women in America.

Anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist, author, educator—these are her occupations. Thirteen editions of *Who's Who* list her internationally recognized contributions to the various fields of social science to which she has devoted a lifetime of work.

During her travels through 23 countries to gather material for her five books and some 40 technical articles, she lived among Indians, tramped through jungles, forded rivers, and climbed mountains. She rode her first horse at the age of 55. She has survived earthquakes, hostile natives, and the searching eye of the television camera. She is an adopted daughter of the Blackfeet Indian tribe, who know her as Ayagayzee-beam, after the mother of the chief.

Sister Inez is the second of nine

children. She began her life in the little town of Roscoe, Minn., 67 years ago. Her German immigrant father owned a general store there, but she didn't get to spend much time around the cracker barrel.

"As our family got larger, I got busier," she recalls. "Helping my mother and older sister care for my five other sisters and two brothers left me little time to get bored or into mischief."

"My father's business gave us a good living, but we were never allowed to waste. My father believed in thrift. He urged us to put our pennies into the bank, and once a year we would all gather around the kitchen table to collect 10% interest on our deposits. Father was the bank."

Following graduation from high school in nearby St. Joseph, Sister Inez decided to pursue a childhood dream. At 19, she donned the habit of the Sisters of St. Benedict. Two of her sisters have also taken the Benedictine vows.

During her early years as a nun she taught grade and high-school classes and continued her own studies during summer vacations. She earned her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Minnesota in 1923.

Then her superiors asked her to open a sociology department at the College of St. Benedict in St. Joseph. (The Benedictine Community there, founded in 1857, is the worldwide Order's largest.) Unfortunate-

ly, the Catholic University of America, the only Catholic school in the country then offering the advanced courses in sociology Sister Inez needed to head a department, was closed to women.

"Luckily for me," Sister Inez says, "the annual meeting of bishops was going on in Washington at the time, and my superiors asked them if the university could make room in its graduate department for just one nun. They took a vote on it, and agreed to let me register."

But when Sister Inez approached the registrar's window with her tuition fee, he refused to take her money. "When I told him that the bishops had changed their policy about letting women register in the graduate school, he laughed."

She took her fee to the vice rector of the university, Msgr. Edward Pace, who helped her fill out the registration blank. As she signed it, he said, "I hope you realize that you have rocked the very foundations of the Catholic university with that signature." He was right. As the first woman admitted to the university with full rights, Sister Inez is still remembered as the nun who stirred up a real storm. The institution's charter had to be changed. Permission to change it had to be obtained from Rome.

After earning her Master's degree in 1925, she returned to the College of St. Benedict, where she was appointed dean of the school and head of the sociology department.

In 1932 Sister Inez was sent to the Indian mission at Red Lake, Minn., for a vacation. There she began collecting anthropological data on the culture and history of the Indians. "The Indians were proud of their past and as filled with pride for their simple huts as we are for our spacious homes."

During the next 12 years Sister Inez lived among the Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Chippewa. By 1944 she had visited a dozen tribes in 12 states and Canada and become known as an authority on the culture of the American Indian.

While with the Blackfeet she made such an impression on Chief Chewing Blackbones that he ordered a ceremony that made Sister Inez and her friend, Sister Immacula, adopted daughters of the tribe.

"He stood behind us as we faced the setting sun. He said, 'May the sun and the God above the sun bless my new daughters with plenty of food for years to come.' Then he laid his hands on our shoulders, and gave us a push. Then everyone came to wish us well and welcome us to the tribe."

From her work among the Chippewa, Sister Inez has come to believe that if society in general cared for its children as well as the Chippewa care for theirs, today's juvenile-delinquency problems would not exist.

"A Chippewa child and his parents are very close. From his earliest days, the child is taught that kindness is a virtue. He learns to share

with others. He is rewarded for his good deeds, and never ridiculed for his bad ones. In the way they train their children, the Chippewa meet their juvenile problems before they arise."

While doing field work among the Indians and during brief vacations, Sister Inez continued her studies. In 1939 she received her Doctor of Philosophy degree from the Catholic university.

For the next several years she lectured in psychology, anthropology, and psychiatry at the St. Cloud hospital School of Nursing and was guest lecturer at other schools. She pursued her field work whenever she could get time off from her regular assignments and find a sponsor to furnish the money needed. "Time has always been easier to find than money," she says.

In 1944 she received word that the Smithsonian Institution would sponsor an expedition to South America to study the primitive Araucanian Indians.

She spent the following months preparing for her trip. She took a course in budgeting, to stretch her funds. She enrolled in a Spanish class. She read up on horseback riding.

When she learned that her nun's habit was outlawed in Guatemala, where she would have to travel, she talked the problem over with her superiors. She felt uneasy about wearing civilian clothes. Her bishop said, "I have only one thought on

your wearing secular clothes: get smart-looking ones!"

"I felt like one big goose when I had my first permanent wave in Chicago," she recalls.

She changed to civilian clothes in New Orleans, just before sailing for South America. "The day before we left I went shopping with another nun," she says. "She was telling me about shrimp fishing as we boarded a bus. I was so wrapped up in what she was saying that I was completely bewildered when people began turning to stare at me. The conductor had stopped the bus and was yelling, 'OK, lady, let's deposit a fare!' Nuns ride free in New Orleans, and I had forgotten that in my new clothes I was no longer a nun, but a lady!"

During the 11,000-mile trip, Sister Inez was accompanied by one of her former St. Cloud hospital nursing students, Miss Margaret Mondloch, now a nurse in Minneapolis. She served as field assistant.

In Lima, Peru, near a convent, they thought they heard the rumble of moving trucks. "We were standing with a group of nuns, talking, when the rumbling started," Sister Inez recalls. "The Sisters started looking up at the windows of a tall apartment building. Soon they started to run. We ran along with them. Later we learned it was an earthquake. The Sisters told us they never ran unless the quake was strong enough to rattle windows."

At length came the ascent to the Araucanians' mountain village in

Chile and Sister Inez's first horse-back ride. "We rode for six hours without stopping! Margaret laughed at me when I needed help getting off the horse, but I laughed last. She had to take phenobarbital to sleep that night."

At the end of their nine-month trip among the Araucanians, during which time Sister Inez collected material from interviews with hundreds of natives, she and Miss Mondloch returned home. Sister Inez began work on her report, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution.

In 1955 she was invited to give a series of lectures at the University of Madrid, the first lectures on child life ever given in Spain. She was accompanied on the trip by her sister, Sister Marie.

"Our first day in Madrid changed our views of Spain," Sister Inez recalls. "Just at dawn I heard men singing. I went to the window. Below were two garbage collectors, singing grand opera as they worked. Spain may be a poor country and it may be under a dictator, but it is without a doubt the only country that has garbage men who sing grand opera at daybreak."

After completing her lectures, which were praised by the Vatican press, Sister Inez and Sister Marie toured part of Europe.

Back in St. Cloud and hard at work again with her lectures and classwork, Sister Inez was taken by surprise when asked to conduct a

TV course for the College of St. Benedict on *Anthropology of the Americas*.

"I felt that I knew something about anthropology, but certainly nothing about television. But I decided to accept the challenge. One doesn't often get a chance to talk on his favorite subject to 30,000 people for two half-hour periods a week."

Sister Inez says she will never forget her debut. "I had been using a small doll to illustrate a point. Just as I had made my point I dropped the doll. One of the technicians started crawling on his hands and knees toward the doll. I said, 'That's all right, Mr. Smith, I am through with it.' He stopped, looked up at me with a pained expression, then turned around, and crawled away. Then I remembered—we were supposed to use signals when communicating with the technicians."

After her first performance the engineers told her she looked "other-worldly" with her face framed by the white of her nun's headpiece. "I solved that problem with gray dye," she says. "Everyone said my gray coif made me look less ghostly."

Sister Inez' 32 half hours of anthropology didn't rate a Trendex, but she attracted a loyal following on the educational television channel in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Letters came from hundreds of viewers: former students, executives, educators, priests, lawyers, doctors, nurses, historians, school children, and of course, the nuns at St. Cloud,

who were cheering her on. One viewer said Sister Inez was a "pretty sharp performer." Another wrote that she was an "old TV veteran," another said she "knew her stuff." An 8th grader saddled with a tough assignment asked, "Could you send me some pamphlets or something about these Indians?"

Today Sister Inez is mother superior to 21 Sisters in St. Anthony's convent at St. Cloud. She arises at 5:10 A.M. daily, and is at her desk by 7:45. In the time she has left after her administrative duties are finished she works on reports on her research for the Smithsonian Institution. She is in bed by 9:30 each night.

"Sister Inez is usually the last one up from breakfast," one of the Sisters says, "but the hardest working one here when she gets going."

Her walks around the convent grounds are legendary to those who know her. "She insists on a hike in the fresh air every day," one nun says, "and if the temperature is 30°

below, she just puts on more layers of clothing."

Sister Inez admits to three weaknesses: eggs for breakfast, boating on the Mississippi, and outdoor charcoal cooking. She likes to pick bitter-sweet and dried leaves on crisp fall days. She also plays a "good losing hand of bridge now and then."

As a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a fellow of the American Anthropological association, and as an honorary research associate of the Smithsonian Institution, Sister Inez has covered a lot of ground and a lot of witches. But as a social scientist, who has been called an outstanding authority in her field by no less an authority than world-famous anthropologist Margaret Mead, does she really believe in witches?

"I doubt if the witches even believe in themselves," says Sister Inez. "Though I cannot offer final explanations for some of the 'black magic' I have seen, I am content to put my faith in other things," she smiles.



STRAW IN THE TURKEY

During his first months in the U.S., opera star Enrico Caruso ate Italian foods exclusively. Then one Thanksgiving day he was prevailed upon to celebrate with a real American dinner, turkey and all the trimmings.

Caruso tasted the turkey and raised his eyebrows approvingly. Then he tasted the stuffing, and became ecstatic. "Bravo! Bravo bravissimol!" he exclaimed. "This is superb!" And he proceeded to eat every morsel of his dinner.

The chef, after a little coaxing, revealed that he had stuffed the turkey with spaghetti.

Mrs. E. Marsciolok.

Three Army Wives and Their Budgets

The post on Governor's island is the common background

THE DAY THE SUBMARINE *Nautilus* nosed into New York harbor for its hero's welcome, Virginia McAleer was trying to work out a new budget in line with her husband's recent salary boost to \$736 a month. Virginia is the wife of Maj. J. J. McAleer, stationed with the 1st Army on Governor's island. She was having trouble. Her three children—Pam, six; J. J., Jr., four; and Linda, three—were dancing excitedly in the living room of the McAleer apartment.

"Mommy, look! Look now!" Virginia gave up and joined them at the window. In one sweep, she could see tugs, fireboats shooting spumes of water into the air, helicopters, and sure enough, the sleek *Nautilus* leading the procession up the Hudson past the rain-blurred towers of Manhattan. By a slight turn of her head to the left she could see the Statue of Liberty and Staten island; to the northwest, the Hudson river almost all the way to the George Washington bridge; and directly ahead, across a stretch of water, the Battery and Bowling Green park.

Governor's island lies approximately a half mile off the tip of Manhattan in New York bay. It has

been an American military post without interruption since 1794. The only access to the island is by a ferry which leaves the slip on Manhattan every 15 minutes during the day.

The population of the post, including officers and enlisted men and their families, is 2,266; but during



the day this number is augmented by 1,450 civilian personnel.

There is a library; a theater showing first-run films; a swimming pool free to all island residents; a craft shop offering courses in painting, photography, and woodworking; and a bowling alley. There are tennis courts, clubs for both officers and noncommissioned personnel, and other recreational facilities.

Mrs. McAleer shares the panoramic view and the pleasant life of the island with many other army wives, including Sarah Timmer, wife of Sgt. 1st Class Paul H. Timmer, and Lillian Harrison, wife of one-time Sgt. J. W. Harrison, now a captain.

But their budgets and ways of life are quite different.

The McAleers, for instance, both natives of Queens, N.Y., enjoy a salary based on 14 to 16 years' service. They have had overseas duty in Japan, an assignment they enjoyed. Linda was born there. They have managed, through the GI bill and personal sacrifice, to have Major McAleer obtain his A.B. degree at Yale. The major is currently attached to the adjutant general's staff. If he wishes, he may retire after 20 years' service at age 44, or stay on for ten more years and retire at 54.

The McAleers, having moved 12 times in seven years, are delighted with their present post. Their \$736 pay includes an allowance of \$117 a month for quarters, and \$47.88 subsistence. All medical care and medicine for the family is free. They buy food and many incidentals at the post commissary. All telephones on the island are on one exchange, and the flat charge for their extension is \$4.40 a month, exclusive of toll calls. The Officers' club serves excellent meals, and the monthly dues, including golf for Major McAleer, are only \$4.

"The difference between living on a post and occupying civilian quar-

ters is tremendous," emphasizes Virginia. "To get this particular view, we have moved three times right here on the island. Before that, even though Mac was stationed here, we lived off base and expenses were greater.

"Here's how we break down our \$736 a month—and I must say we feel we get a great deal for the money.

"First, we have a category called fixed expenses. They include rent, \$117 (not actually payable when living on post); telephone, \$6; club, \$4; interest on a loan, \$7; life insurance, \$94; savings bond, \$37.50; nursery school for two, \$20.50; federal income tax, \$56; Social Security, \$13; Sears Roebuck household account, \$12." Their fixed expenses total \$367.

Mrs. McAleer, a relaxed, graceful woman who would look equally at home instructing movers where to place furniture or wearing a large hat at a garden reception, is not the picture of health she appears to be.

"That \$7 interest item needs explaining," she says. "You see, I contracted tuberculosis in Japan. The army flew me home on a litter plane, and before Mac could effect what is called a 'compassionate change of assignment,' my father had spent a good deal of money on me. We considered this a loan, and are paying it back in small installments.

"Next are our operating expenses: food, \$120; laundry and dry cleaning, \$10; drugs and beauty, \$5; en-

tertainment, \$30; beverages, \$15; cigarettes, \$12; gasoline, \$7; books and magazines, \$8; pocket money for Mac, \$10." That adds up to \$217.

"Just because these next expenses differ from month to month we label them 'floating.' Gifts, \$15; auto care, including insurance, \$25; clothing, including Mac's uniforms, \$30; cash savings, \$40; pocket money for me, \$10; vacation, \$10." These expenditures account for \$130, which plus the \$217 and \$367, leaves a surplus of \$22.

"We've spent at least \$400 on uniforms during the past two and a half years. Two winter uniforms at \$60 each make \$120. Graduating to major from captain involved two new hats at \$20 each; blue dress uniform is mandatory (ours was made in Japan for a little less than \$100); and now we have had to replace the pinks with greens. There are accessories, insignia, khakis, summer dress, all of which we have absorbed in this present budget.

"We have a car, as many people on the island do, but we use it mostly for travel on the mainland.

"Mac is thinking of taking out endowment policies on the children, because he often reflects on how wonderful it would have been had he come into a few thousand dollars in his early 20's. So I think that's where we're going to invest the extra \$22 a month."

Far from wondering what to do with anything extra a month, Sarah Timmer, wife of Sgt. 1st Class Paul

H. Timmer, just about makes ends meet on a take-home pay (with federal income tax and social security deducted) of \$282. She and her husband are both from Muskegon, Mich., "200 miles north of Chicago and across Lake Michigan from Milwaukee."

"It's pretty country," says Sarah, a tall, neat brunette. "But we like army life so much I think we have

THE McALEERS

Rent (not payable on post)	\$117.00
Fed. income tax.....	56.00
Social Security.....	13.00
Telephone	6.00
Club dues.....	4.00
Loan interest	7.00
Life insurance	94.00
Savings bond	37.50
Nursery school	20.50
Sears account	12.00
Food	120.00
Laundry, cleaning	10.00
Drugs, beauty	5.00
Entertainment	30.00
Beverages	15.00
Cigarettes	12.00
Gasoline	7.00
Books, magazines	8.00
Pocket money, Mac.....	10.00
Gifts	15.00
Auto care, insurance.....	25.00
Clothing	30.00
Cash savings	40.00
Pocket money, Virginia	10.00
Vacation	10.00
Extra	22.00
	<hr/>
	\$736.00

become real gypsies. It has advantages that even my folks envy. For instance, daddy worries about a retirement plan. In seven years Paul can retire, at the age of 40, with at least \$145 a month assured, and plenty of time to go into any kind of business he likes. (That is 50% of the base pay of a sergeant 1st class with 20 years' longevity.)"

Sergeant Timmer has spent nine years as a line corpsman. On the island he is in a medical detachment training corpsmen: teaching procedures and familiarizing the men with equipment.

"There are fringe benefits that really add up," Sarah continues. "For a family our size (two children: Toni, a girl, age seven, and a two-month-old baby boy) we are allowed \$96 a month for rent. Paul is allowed \$33.15 for subsistence and \$5.60 for clothing—naturally not adequate when he wears out two pairs of boots and three pairs of shoes a year. But it helps."

Toni, like all children of elementary-school age, attends a branch of Public School 63 on the island.

The Timmers, whose longevity, or period of service, is at present in the 12-13 years' bracket, have been stationed in Bad Kreuznach and Mainz, Germany (which they enjoyed and considered highly educational); Fort Hood, Texas; Fort Carson, Colo.; the Presidio in San Francisco; and now Governor's island. Mrs. Timmer has been a leader of one of the six Girl Scout troops on

THE TIMMERS

Life insurance	\$ 9.83
Savings	5.00
Telephone	4.40
Food, cigarettes	130.00
Dental	4.17
Glasses	4.17
Clothing	20.00
Car insurance	10.00
Car upkeep	10.00
Entertainment	15.00
Magazines, books	6.50
Furniture, household	27.00
Mother	10.00
Haircuts, toiletries	10.00
Toni's allowance	4.00
Dancing lessons	4.00
Dry cleaning	5.00
Laundry	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$283.07

the island and is a retired president of the noncommissioned officers' wives' club.

Last year, Sarah Timmer, a former 4-H club member, created quite a stir on the island. The day before Gen. Douglas MacArthur was due to arrive for ceremonies, it was discovered that there was no five-star flag at headquarters to adorn his car. At that point it was too late to send to Washington for one.

The predicament came to Mrs. Timmer's attention. Linkie Booth, daughter of Maj. Gen. Robert H. Booth, then the 1st Army's chief of staff, happened to be baby-sitting for Mrs. Timmer, and mentioned the agitation.

"Well, heavens to Betsy," Mrs.

Timmer is said to have exclaimed, "if they'll just get me some red and white material, I'll whip them up a flag."

And whip she did (whipstitch, that is) for five solid hours that night, while her husband kept one step ahead of her, cutting white stars out of a friend's piece of felt with a razor.

On Feb. 10, 1958, General Booth, hailing her as a modern-day Betsy Ross, presented Mrs. Timmer with her flag, framed as a souvenir. Pictures and stories were carried in her home-town paper and various army publications.

Looking out *her* living-room window, across Buttermilk channel, to Brooklyn, Mrs. Timmer says, "Believe me, I still do plenty of sewing. I don't know how we'd get along without it. Most enlisted personnel request all gifts from home in the form of clothes."

Mrs. Timmer keeps a strict budget. "When our \$15 a month for entertainment is used up we just walk around the island enjoying the scenery or take advantage of the free recreational facilities. We don't spend any more money for that until the next month."

How do they use the \$282? Life insurance, \$9.83; savings, \$5; telephone, \$4.40; food, cigarettes, \$130; dental (for Sarah and Toni) \$4.17; glasses (for Sarah) \$4.17; clothing (including uniforms purchased at the quartermaster's at \$42 each), \$20; car insurance, \$10; gas, car

upkeep, \$10; entertainment, \$15; magazines, books, \$6.50; furniture, television, household, \$27; Paul's mother (a widow), \$10; haircuts, toiletries, \$10; Toni's allowance, \$4; her dancing lessons, \$4; dry cleaning, \$5; laundry, \$4. That adds up to \$283.07.

Lillian Harrison, wife of Capt. J. W. Harrison, who works in personnel at the adjutant general's office, can appreciate both the McAleers' and the Timmers' budget problems.

The Harrisons have been married for 12 years. They both are natives of Martinsburg, W. Va. They have known life at both noncom and officer levels. Before the Korean war, Sergeant Harrison went before a board at Ft. Meade in Maryland and was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant. He served 16 months in Korea and came home a 1st lieutenant. Having given the army 13 years' service now, he intends to retire after seven more. He will then be only 40. The Harrisons have three girls: Bonnie, 11; Jill, nine; and Jackie, five.

"We're determined to own our own home some day," says Lillian; "and before a cent comes out of our \$480 take-home pay, we put aside \$75 to make that dream come true. It's very comforting to have that sum quietly accumulating."

Mrs. Harrison has a soft, low voice and royal-blue eyes that look as if they smile most of the time. She is obviously a meticulous housekeeper. She gets tired of the dark furniture they have had ever since marriage,

but the handsome mahogany pieces with polished brass trim have undoubtedly lent graciousness and distinction to nondescript quarters.

"We're kidded a little about our old car, too," says Lillian, "but that home and new furniture when we retire are more important to us.

"We live very well, anyway. I love this place. This is the first time we've been stationed near New York. The shopping is fabulous. I go across on

month 'miscellaneous' fund. Out of it I buy tooth paste, school milk, school supplies, shoe repair, hair-dressing, cigarettes, magazines, toilet articles. It's a great help to buy these things when I need them and forget about the budget.

"Dry cleaning at \$12 seems high? Remember, men in uniform have to look trim at all times. That \$12 includes laundry, too. I couldn't possibly handle work clothes as well as they do at the laundry."

Starting at the beginning then, the Harrisons spend their \$480 take-home pay in approximately this way: life insurance, \$32; cash savings, \$75; telephone, \$6; food, \$145; miscellaneous, \$40; dental (for her and children) \$5; clothing, \$60; contributions, \$7; car insurance, \$5; gas, license, upkeep, \$25; charge accounts at stores for household, \$23; club dues, \$5 (two for golf); entertainment, \$20; dry cleaning, \$12; gifts, \$20. Total, \$480.

Naturally, their charge accounts and gift allotments vary sufficiently each month for them to keep running in the black.

"We've really enjoyed it here," says Lillian. "We are authorized 30 days' leave a year, as are all army personnel. When we go back to Martinsburg, we notice that our families have decidedly changed their attitude towards army life. At first, they couldn't see it for us, but now they admit that we have a very good deal.

"We've been here two and a half years now and are about due for ro-

THE HARRISONS

Life insurance	\$ 32.00
Cash savings	75.00
Telephone	6.00
Food	145.00
Miscellaneous	40.00
Dental	5.00
Clothing	60.00
Contributions	7.00
Car insurance	5.00
Gas, license, upkeep.....	25.00
Charge accounts	23.00
Club dues	5.00
Entertainment	20.00
Dry cleaning	12.00
Gifts	20.00

\$480.00

the ferry to Manhattan or Brooklyn very often and shop for bargains or just look around in the stores. Consequently, with three girls, I buy more clothes than I should, but honestly, they're irresistible. I guess I care a lot about clothes for the children."

The Harrisons spend \$60 a month for clothing. That includes uniforms.

"Another pet of mine is my \$40 a

tation. We're hoping for overseas duty, especially for Germany."

With three well-trained daughters and a real capacity for making a place shine, Mrs. Harrison will probably be happy wherever they land.

Governor's island is considered to be a typical army post. Only its spec-

tacular location makes it otherwise; undoubtedly living quarters here are eagerly sought. But salaries throughout the service are commensurate with the three just outlined, based on length of service. The difference lies in the way each family uses that income.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

English has borrowed words from all the chief languages of the world. From Arabic we have taken such common words as *coffee, sofa, sash, zero, garbage*. Some Arabic words are recognizable through the prefix *al*, as *algebra, alcohol*, and *alkali*.

A dozen other Arabic words that have been taken into our language are listed below. Recognize them? See if you can match Column A with Column B.

Column A

1. *cipher*
2. *nadir*
3. *elixir*
4. *alchemic*
5. *alembic*
6. *amalgam*
7. *alfalfa*
8. *sherbet*
9. *zenith*
10. *alcove*
11. *caraway*
12. *almanac*

Column B

- a) Plant of the pea family grown principally for hay.
- b) Recessed portion of a room, especially one used for a bed; a summerhouse.
- c) An alloy of mercury and another metal or metals; compound or union of different things.
- d) Book containing calendar of astronomical and other pertinent information.
- e) Zero; secret writing or the key to such.
- f) Apparatus formerly used in distillation: hence, anything serving to distill and refine.
- g) Pertaining to the power of transforming something common into something precious, from medieval science which sought to change base metals into gold.
- h) Point of the celestial sphere directly under the place where one stands: hence, the lowest point.
- i) A remedy; cure-all; panacea.
- j) Point in the heavens directly above: hence, highest point or state.
- k) Originally a drink of diluted fruit juice; now a frozen dessert.
- l) Herb of carrot family, seeds of which are used in cookery and medicine.

(Answers on page 88)

By Jim Bishop
Condensed from the
New York "Journal American"*

The Toss of a Coin

God giveth the increase

TWO YOUNG MEN met on a ship. It was a big three-masted ship which had headed out of Queenstown for the U. S. The men stood at the rail and they saw the green headlands of Ireland fade into the blue of the Atlantic.

Day after day they spoke, shyly at first, and then confidentially. Quigley said he wanted to study to be a priest. McDermott swallowed. "That's strange," he said. "I have the same ambition. The trouble of it is," said McDermott softly, "that it is not easy to get enough education without money."

The more they talked, the more certain they became that both of them could not get sufficient education to enter a seminary. It was McDermott who thought of the coin.

"One could get a job," he suggested softly, "and he could work to support the other one. 'Twould be a great act of faith on the part of the loser."

Quigley thought about it. The idea was sound, even though he didn't know the stranger well. "Aye," he said, "we'll do it right

now." McDermott took a polished shilling from his pocket. Quigley called the toss. "Heads." It rolled on the deck and died tails up.

"I'll get a position somewhere," Quigley said, "and I'll keep in touch with you."

The disappointment was enormous. God had called the coin and had selected McDermott. Quigley resigned himself to it. He got a job in New York City and he sent money to McDermott. The young loser moved on to Pittsburgh, and got a job there. He sent money to McDermott every week. In time, Quigley bought his own greengrocery and a house. Always, money was sent to McDermott.

Years later, Quigley met a young lady. He fell in love. When they married, she came to the house he had bought and she made a home of it. There were several children, and now and then Father McDermott stopped by.

In time, the visits stopped. Father's duties carried him far from Pittsburgh. The years ticked slowly on. Quigley's oldest daughter said one

*220 South St., New York City 15. Sept. 9, 1958. © 1958 by King Features Syndicate, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

day that she wanted to be a nun. Later, one of his sons said that he wanted to be a priest.

The boy became a Carmelite. The girl became a Sister of Charity. This, to the old man, was a great and humbling triumph. When his wife died, he asked the Carmelites if he could become a Brother. They said Yes.

The boy who lost the toss lived out his declining years in a monastery. He was happy. Instead of one Quig-

ley devoting his solitary energy to God, three Quigleys were working for God's greater honor and glory.

I sat one sunny afternoon in the rectory of St. Anastasia church in Teaneck, N. J. Father Sylver's Quigley told me the story.

"It isn't much," he said. "It's just the story of a poor boy who lost the toss of a coin."

"Strange," I said, "that you should keep saying that he lost."



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 86)

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1. cipher (sigh'fer) | e) Zero; secret writing or the key to such. |
| 2. nadir (nay'der) | h) Point of the celestial sphere directly under the place where one stands; hence, the lowest point. |
| 3. elixir (e-lick'ser) | i) A remedy; cure-all; panacea. |
| 4. alchemic (al-kem'ik) | g) Pertaining to the power of transforming something common into something precious, from medieval science which sought to change base metals into gold. |
| 5. alembic (a-lem'bik) | f) Apparatus formerly used in distillation: hence, anything serving to distill and refine. |
| 6. amalgam (a-mal'gam) | c) An alloy of mercury and another metal or metals; compound or union of different things. |
| 7. alfalfa (al-fal'fa) | a) Plant of pea family grown principally for hay. |
| 8. sherbet (shur'bit) | k) Originally a drink of diluted fruit juice; now a frozen dessert. |
| 9. zenith (zee'nith) | j) Point in the heavens directly above: hence, highest point or state. |
| 10. alcove (al'kove) | b) Recessed portion of a room, especially one used for a bed; a summerhouse. |
| 11. caraway (kar'a-way) | l) Herb of carrot family, seeds of which are used in cookery and medicine. |
| 12. almanac (all'ma-nak) | d) Book containing calendar of astronomical and other pertinent information. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

By Richard Gehman
Condensed from "Cosmopolitan"*



On the Line With Considine

Bob should have a typewriter with pedals and two keyboards

VETERAN NEWSPAPERMAN Bob Considine arrived home around midnight, utterly exhausted. For three days he had kept a vigil with grief-stricken George Zaharias, husband of Babe Didrickson, who was fighting her last vain battle against cancer. Finally the word had come: Babe was dead. Considine put his story on the wires, said farewell to Zaharias, and caught the next plane back to New York.

He was almost too tired to speak. The ordeal had drawn every nerve to quivering tension. He undressed like a man in a trance, put on his pajamas, and sank gratefully into bed. Then the telephone rang.

"Bob," said a voice, "there's been a new development in the *Andrea Doria* sinking. Can you get down right away?"

Considine was out of bed before

the other party hung up. For the fourth night in succession he went without sleep, working all the while.

This was fairly typical behavior for Considine. At 52, he is the wonder of all who know him. There are those who declare that he is the No. 1 newspaperman in the field, but even those who dispute this opinion will agree that he is certainly the most prolific.

Just to read about his output is enough to make the average writer want to lie down from exhaustion. He writes his column, *On the Line*, six times a week, 52 weeks a year. In addition, he writes a number of series. The first article in each series usually runs 2,000 words, and each of the other five or six parts runs about 1,000 words. Last year, among others, he did one series called *The Amazing Kennedys*, one on Cardinal Spellman, and one on Queen Elizabeth.

Then, too, as United Press International's ace reporter, he covers any

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. August, 1958. © 1958 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

top news story that breaks. During an 18-month period he flew into hurricane Audrey in a helicopter; went to Yucca Flats for A-bomb tests; went to Williamsport, Pa., for the final game of the Little League World Series ("Best ball game I saw all year," Considine says); turned up in Little Rock for the trouble in the schools ("and stayed long enough to be denounced," he says); covered the World Series; accompanied Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip on their tour of the U. S.; flew in the B-707 on its initial Seattle-to-Baltimore run; went to Rome, Paris, and Prague on his way to Russia, then returned by way of Warsaw, Vienna, and Bonn; went to Hollywood four times; took a trip to San Juan, Havana, and Acapulco; rode the atomic submarine *Sea Wolf*; then went to the Brussels fair. When General de Gaulle took over the French government in early June, 1958, Considine was on hand.

Bob has developed powers of concentration which enable him to work anywhere, any time. "I think he would interest scientists," his friend Frank Conniff has said. "Whenever he's got a story to write, he just sits down and does it, no matter how he feels or where he is. When we take a plane trip, we're never airborne more than ten or 15 minutes before he's got that portable out."

Millie Considine, Bob's wife, says, "He can sit at home and write a column with the kids all carrying on: Barry playing the saxophone, Debbie banging on the piano, Dennis on

the guitar, and me on the telephone, and never notice what's going on around him."

Toots Shor, the restaurateur, reports that when he went to a cocktail party at Bob's house one afternoon, he found the host, oblivious of the chatter going on around him, sitting off in a corner writing an article. "I had an idea, and I just had to get it down," Bob said.

He possesses unusual stamina. Last Nov. 22, in Moscow, he, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and Frank Conniff were granted an exclusive interview with Nikita Khrushchev.* It lasted from 11 A.M. to 2:45 P.M. The three men were hard pressed to keep up with what the Soviet strong man was saying. Back at the Hotel National, Hearst and Conniff agreed that a drink and some food were in order. "If you don't mind," Bob said, apologetically, "I think I'll get right to work."

He sat down at the typewriter and placed his notes to his right. Sheet after sheet of copy rolled out; as he worked, he seemed to become a machine himself. "It's too bad," Hearst remarked wryly, "that we can't make up a special typewriter for him, with two keyboards and foot pedals, like an organ. We don't seem to be getting enough work out of him." If Bob heard, he did not show it. It was 3 P.M. when he sat down; when he finally stood up, with a weary "There," it was 4 A.M.

During this time he had turned

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, February, 1958, p. 101.

out about 10,000 words. "Bob," Hearst said, "I guess that's the most copy you ever turned out at one sitting, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure," Bob said. "Remember the General Wainwright story? International News Service paid the general \$150,000 for it, and they wanted to use it right away, while he was still fresh in people's minds. I had to turn out those installments as fast as I could, and it sticks in my mind that I did 20,000 words at one sitting."

Everyone who worked with Considine in the 2nd World War agrees that he was perhaps the hardest working of all Allied reporters. "You would see him one day in 8th Air Force headquarters in England," one man says. "The next day you would get an unexpected assignment and find yourself in Italy—and nine chances out of ten Considine would be *there*, too."

After the fighting in Europe was over, Bob went on to cover the China-Burma-India theater. In the Far East he met Capt. Ted Lawson, whom he served as ghost writer of the best-selling book *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, which later was made into a movie. Considine got Lawson's entire story in six 18-hour interviews, and wrote the book in less than a month.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo was the best seller of all Considine's books. *The Babe Ruth Story*, also a ghost job, came second (it, too, was sold to the movies). The rest of his

books have had respectable but not sensational sales. There have been so many of them that even Bob cannot remember the total; he thinks it is 17.

Bob was born Nov. 4, 1906, in Washington, D.C., son of James Williams Considine and Sophie Small Considine. He attended grade school and Gonzaga High in Washington, and at 17 entered government service as a messenger boy, first in the Census bureau and later in the Bureau of Public Health.

In school he learned the touch-typing system that is so valuable to him today. It enabled him to move to the Treasury department, and finally, in 1927, to the State department. All this time he was hoping to be a sportswriter some day, which may have been one reason why he determined to become proficient at tennis. In 1929 he and a partner won the National Public Parks' doubles championship, and in 1930 he took the District of Columbia singles crown.

In 1929 he began writing a weekly tennis column for the *Washington Post*. It paid him \$5 a week. He was taking evening courses in journalism and short-story writing at George Washington university. The year before, he had met a girl named Mildred Anderson, who also was working in the State department. Bob knew that she was the girl for him. One day word came that he had been promoted. At lunch he said to Millie, "Now I'm earning enough money to get married."

Millie said firmly, "If you think I'm going to marry a government clerk, you're crazy."

That afternoon Bob quit his job at the State department, went to the *Washington Post* as a cub reporter at a lower salary than he had been earning. He was soon earning more than the State department had been paying him. In 1933 he had an offer from the *Washington Herald* to work there at three times his *Post* salary. Meanwhile, he had been married, on July 21, 1931. The Considines have four children: Mike, 22; Barry, 16; Dennis, 14; and Deborah, ten.

Considine worked as sports editor at the *Herald* for about a year before its editors decided that he would be more valuable as an all-around man. He began writing some editorials and a daily series of short pieces about government workers called *Uncle Sam's Children*. Later he began his *On the Line* column.

His talents caught the eye of William Randolph Hearst. Bob went up to New York to meet Hearst in his Ritz Tower suite. Hearst said bluntly that he wanted him in his stable. Bob hedged a bit. He said that he was fond of the sports page and hoped always to keep at it, but that, at the same time, he felt sports writing alone was somewhat limiting. Would he have a chance to cover other stories? "Of course, of course," Hearst said.

He started at \$120 a week, on a five-year contract, with a \$10-a-week

raise to be added each year. Bob now gets around \$100,000 a year for his newspaper work, plus another \$30,000 or so for his Sunday afternoon NBC radio show. He is the highest-paid reporter in the U. S., although some columnists earn more. Despite the fact that he writes a column himself, he prefers not to be classified as a columnist: "I've always been much prouder of a by-lined hot-news story, where there's some chance for descriptive writing, than of any 'think' piece I ever did."

He and his wife live in a seven-room apartment in New York City, and when possible, commute on weekends to an old, rambling house they own in Allenhurst, N.J. They have one maid of all work, who also does the cooking. (Millie Considine has a writing career of her own, which occupies nearly all her time.)

Considine has little in the way of tangible assets to show for the near million he has earned from his writing. "I've got no investments because I never have enough ready cash to invest in anything," he says. "No stocks, no bonds, no capital. What I ought to have is a sideline, like Fuller brushes."

He could be earning more if he chose to charge fees for his speeches, lectures, and after-dinner talks. He is on call to the management of nearly every newspaper that runs his column: to speak at a luncheon meeting, a circulation-drive gathering, a birthday celebration for a venerable employee, even to attend wakes and

weddings. Last April, says his wife, with some asperity, he had one full day at home.

Bob is a zealously religious man. His proudest moment, says Millie, came when he was made a Knight of Malta by the Pope. When the wife of a friend gives birth to a child, Considine usually sends a religious statuette. "The one he sent me," says one of his closest pals, "was roughly the size of an altar."

In 1957, Bob and his wife were planning a vacation in Greece. He needed a rest badly. On the morning they were to leave, Mrs. Considine went out on some last-minute errands. When she got back, there was a note saying, "Dearest darling, I know this is a blow, but I've got to go to Little Rock." Considine's dispatches from the embattled Arkansas capital bore little resemblance to the calm, objective reporting he usually turns out; they were full of indignation over the unjust treatment of the Negro children.

Apart from reading, he has no hobbies except sitting in restaurants and night clubs—which, in a manner of speaking, also is work, for he is constantly meeting new people and absorbing background material. His favorite place is Toots Shor's, principally because the proprietor is his

best friend. Not a day goes by, when Considine is in town, that he does not check in with Toots: either at noon, just after he has risen, or in the early morning hours just before he goes to bed. (Bob retires between 4 A.M. and 5 A.M. and sleeps until 11, dreamlessly.)

"Once, in the country," Mrs. Considine recalls, "when Dennis, our youngest boy, fell out of a window, Bob rushed to the telephone—not to call a doctor, but to call Toots." "I only thought Toots might *know* a doctor," Considine later said, defensively.

Bob quit smoking three years ago, after having been a two-pack-a-day man most of his adult life. Part of his reason for quitting was a fear that smoking might be destroying those powers of perception which are the tools of his trade. "He keeps himself in shape to do his job," says one friend, "like a fighter."

Considine has the highest respect for his profession. "In my mind there's no higher estate than that of a reporter," he said recently. Many newspapermen aspire to write novels, biographies, or plays, or to work in television or in the movies. Not Considine. He likes his life as it is, and his life is his work. "All I want to do is to go on being a reporter."

A tight-fisted old gentleman argued heatedly with his doctor over the amount of his fee, and finally offered a compromise.

The old gentleman would willingly pay for all medications; but as for the doctor's visits, he would return them.

K. J. Kraemer.

By Francis R. Moeslein
*Condensed from the "North Carolina Catholic"**

My Christmas in Rome

*Seminarians at the North American college
share in the traditions of the Eternal City*

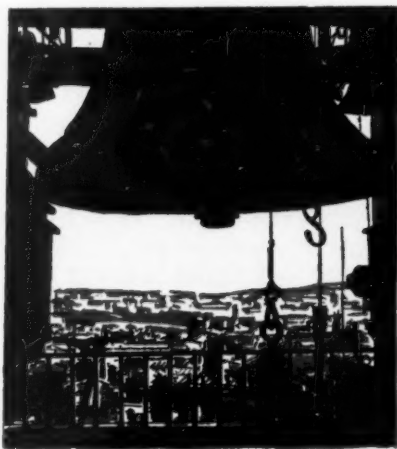
AT FOUR O'CLOCK this Christmas morning—while Dasher and Prancer are transporting a thoroughly played out Santa Claus back to the North Pole, and while ma and pa are still engrossed in their long winter's nap—I and my fellow students at the North American college in Rome will be walking along the curving banks of the Tiber. The ancient, cobblestone streets will still be wet with the evening's rain, and a chilling, spongy breeze off the river will make us pull our capes closer.

When we reach the Circus Maximus, we will leave the Tiber and climb up to the Church of St. Anastasia on the slope of the Palatine hill. There, gathered around the high altar, we will hear the opening words of the daybreak Mass: "A light shall shine upon us this day, for our Lord is born to us; and He shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace."

Christmas comes to the Eternal City as quietly and as simply as that. There is no razzle-dazzle sales campaign to precede Christmas; no daily reminder of just how many shopping

days remain; no frantic, last-minute search for gifts. Romans simply cannot afford presents for all their relatives and friends. Most Romans can't even count all their relatives.

The ancient traditions of Rome are still alive; they focus attention on the essential message, the "glad tidings" that Christmas proclaims to all men who will listen. One such tradition reserves the gifts for the children, and the giving of gifts for Epiphany. Another makes Christmas



*P. O. Box 9503, Raleigh, N. C. Dec. 21, 1956. © 1956 by the North Carolina Catholic, and reprinted with permission.

eve in a Roman seminary a day of recollection, a kind of one-day retreat designed to capture the real spirit of Christmas.

Roman seminarians, no less than American children, must hurry off to bed as soon as supper is over on Christmas eve, but at 11 o'clock, when visions of sugar plums are just beginning to take shape in wee little heads, we seminarians awake to the sound of carols.

Our caroling is quite as practical as it is enjoyable, for it helps to shake the sleepy rumbles out of the voices of the second basses. At midnight the choir is in the loft, tuned up, and ready to present its offering to the newborn Babe as Christ comes to each of us even more humbly than He did on another winter's night nearly 2,000 years ago.

When the last notes of the *Ite Missa Est* have been swallowed up in the rafters, we head for the recreation room and cocoa and cookies. Sugar plums are all very well for children's dreams, but it is more fun to munch on reality, especially if the reality is *panettone*, the Italian version of fruitcake.

Then it's back to bed again for a nap that lasts about as long as an afternoon's siesta. At 3:30 A.M. we rise for the walk to St. Anastasia's.

The church was erected in the 5th century and dedicated to the Roman maiden who offered her life for the faith during the persecution of Diocletian. Since Anastasia entered heaven on Christmas day, the Popes

of the Middle Ages developed the custom of celebrating their second Mass in her church.

The daybreak Mass will be just that. As the choir sings the last phrases of *Stille Nacht*, the first rays of dawn will appear in the eastern sky. And while the sun is yet bobbing over the rim of the Colosseum, we will be short-cutting through the Forum on our way to Santa Maria Maggiore on the Esquiline hill.

St. Mary Major is well named: it is Rome's largest and most important church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The first church to be built on the Esquiline was erected in 342, just 30 years after Constantine's decree made it possible for the Christians to bring their worship out of the catacombs.

"A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, . . . and his name shall be called the Angel of Great Counsel." With these words begins the third Mass of Christmas. Those who are fortunate enough to be in Rome during the holy season can kneel in St. Mary's before the altar which contains a fragment of the crib in which the Child was laid.

Our Christmas joy is not entirely spiritual. We can look forward to our dinner, turkey and all the trimmings, even cranberry sauce, and a two-hour program of Christmas music presented by the Chorale.

The experience that remains longest in the memory is the one that comes at noon. The great bells of St. Peter's basilica ring out the joyous

tidings, calling thousands and thousands of Christians into the embrace of the encircling arms of the huge colonnades. And then a tiny white figure appears on a balcony high above the piazza to raise his hand once again in blessing.

That is ever the highlight of our

reliving of a story that began nearly 2,000 years ago, when from this same Eternal City a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled, and a second decree went forth from heaven that the whole world should be redeemed.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

One dull, gloomy morning I took the bus to early Mass. The bus was nearing the end of its run, which is out at the ocean beach in San Francisco. There was only one other passenger besides myself.

I said "Good morning" to the driver but he merely glanced at me sourly and grunted in reply. Then when the other passenger got off and held the bus to ask a question, the driver was not only gruff, but positively rude to him.

After several tense minutes, we came to my parish church. As I came up to the driver I said, "I'm going to church and I'll say some prayers for you."

He looked at me so angrily that I was afraid for a minute he would hit me! But instead, he muttered sarcastically, "Thanks. I need it."

A week or so later, going home from early Mass, I got onto the bus with this same driver. He recognized me, and said hastily, "Remember the day you said you'd pray for me? Well, I sure needed those prayers! You don't know what good you did me by saying them."

I told him that such news made me very happy. After a while I wrote an article about the need that strangers may often have for our prayers, and cited this instance as proof that Catholics should overcome their shyness, and say similar things to strangers if the occasion seems propitious.

I sent my article to a Catholic magazine and the editor bought it! But welcome as the check was, my most heart-warming reward was the bus driver's (this time) ungrudging thanks.

Maud Chegwiddden.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

'Hot Dogs' for Friday

*Tunies look and taste
like the real thing*

THE HOT-DOG VENDOR's lament could be heard between roars of the football crowd. Sales were few and far between at the Santa Clara-Loyola Friday-night game. Any other night of the week, he could have sold 10,000. "When," he grumbled, "will a fish hot dog be invented?"

At the time the vendor voiced his complaint, *Time* magazine reported it, his plight taking precedence in the story over the game itself. William Lane, a Loyola student, read the article, and filed the vendor's pleas in the back of his mind. Investigating, he found that hot-dog sales drop 37% on Fridays even at big-league baseball games.

Bill in due course was graduated from Loyola, served four years in the Canadian army, and did a year and a half of postgraduate work at the University of Southern California. Bill is now a large, easygoing man of 37, married, and the father of two children. In 1949, he became a tax counsellor for a San Diego firm with interests in the tuna industry. In various capacities, he also served the San Diego Padres baseball team and other enterprises.



Six years ago his employer, C. Arnholt Smith, asked Lane to make a financial survey of his tuna business. Musing over tuna-marketing problems, Bill found himself harking back to the ill-fated frankfurter salesman.

Lane began working on a product that would taste and look like a hot dog but contain only fish. The project might sound simple, but it posed many problems.

Bill wanted to develop a bun filler that would not need an artificial casing. It would have to be of suitable texture without containing cereals, as do most meat hot dogs. He had to get a satisfactory color without artificial dyes, which are illegal in California. And he must remove the fish taste and odor without sacrificing the satisfying texture of tuna.

Lane assembled stacks of reference books on fish and its prepara-

tion. He knew nothing about it firsthand—not even about making frankfurters. Then he searched for a meat authority to help him. Not just any butcher would do. He wanted a sausage maker with a small business but enough knowledge, equipment, and interest to experiment in his free time. Such a man he found in gray-haired Curt Schirmer, who learned his trade in Germany. Schirmer lived in Whittier, Calif., more than 100 miles from San Diego.

Lane studied his books. On weekends, he loaded his car with tuna fillets and headed for Whittier. Here the two men experimented together, working with spices and vegetable oils.

In one volume Bill read that the Japanese soaked the poison out of certain toxic but otherwise edible fish. If this would work for poison, he reasoned, why not also for odor? It did.

Before Lane and Schirmer had a satisfactory product, they used up 15,000 pounds of fish, four years of weekends, and thousands of miles of travel between San Diego and Whittier. After sampling 150,000 tuna hot dogs, they had their answers. Finally, they hickory-smoked the mixture.

The new wieners, which they call "tunies," look, taste, and smell just like hot dogs but are made of choice white tuna with seasoning. "The fish product contains no meat, meat derivatives, or any other type of filler," says Lane. "It can be used in all

favorite hot-dog recipes. We really tested the tunies at Nazareth House, a San Diego Catholic boys' home. The boys devoured them."

Smith, Lane's employer, was financial backer of the enterprise. Smith is a fabulous San Diegan, with investments in a chain of banks, a shipbuilding company, the Padres baseball team, and one of the three largest tuna-packing firms in America. Today, Smith, Lane, and Schirmer are partners in the tunies venture, with Bill as president. The small plant in suburban Chula Vista cannot keep up with the demand for the new tuna frankfurter.

Tunies were first served aboard the tuna clipper *Missouri*, tied up at Embarcadero, opposite San Diego's Civic Center, on Oct. 25, 1957. The initial serving was made to civic, business, and religious leaders.

So well did the guests like the fish sausages, and so vigorously did they pass the word along, that San Diego used the new company's entire output for the first month. Production rose from two tons a day in November, 1957, to six tons a day.

After that first month, tunies were being sold in all the Los Angeles

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST extends a special welcome to this product. Our 4th of July cover, scheduled many months in advance, once showed a little girl eating a hot dog. That was, of course, the year the 4th fell on Friday.

area; then distribution reached into Arizona and up to San Francisco. Chefs were preparing many new recipes with tunies. Housewives were wrapping them in biscuit and pastry dough, and serving the browned product piping hot with tomato sauce. The company itself, of course, suggested various ways of serving its product: grilled with steamed rice, for instance, or with chopped pimento, diced onions, and chopped green peppers mixed with rice.

Tunies, say their originators, can be stuffed; sprinkled with paprika and baked; eaten on hot-dog buns or as a main course with baked beans, cabbage, or sauerkraut. They may be boiled, broiled, barbecued, fried, and ground or chopped for use in salads, sandwich spreads, and casseroles.

Production of tunies is approaching 24 tons a day. Lane is over his head in plans for national distribution, but he says production facilities will have to be expanded first.

Recently, the Lane firm employed Roland Finch, an English food chemist, to improve the product. Already, experiments have revealed that tunies taste best from cans, and canning reduces cost of distribution, storage, and shipping.

Several other products made from tunies are in the offing. "Mar-tunies," packed in glass jars, are cocktail-size tunies that will be sold in liquor stores and delicatessens. "Sea-lomi," a bologna-size loaf, was given a brief market test, then withdrawn. When reintroduced, it will be packed in cans, like a meat-loaf product. "We are also considering a Vienna-sausage-type tunie," says Patrick Sweeney, advertising manager.

The new product has been approved for use by the armed forces; the tunies are also served by many hotels and restaurants. On March 28, 1958, the California Assembly passed a resolution congratulating the firm for its contribution to the state's economic growth.



CORPSE EX MACHINA

A certain well-known actor had long been spending his vacation by playing the villain in summer stock companies. In one of the plays, the script called for him to meet his end just as the final curtain was rung down.

One night, however, the ropes became tangled, and the curtain hung suspended about three feet above the "dead" man. Agonizing minutes passed while desperate efforts were made to free the ropes and bring the curtain down. Finally the corpse got slowly to its feet and in ghastly tones muttered, "No rest, even in death." With that, he pulled down the curtain and left the stage. Mrs. S. Lee.

The Electronic Classroom Arrives

Walkie-talkie goes to school

SHAKING HER HEAD in wonder, the young nun shooed the last of her reluctant 2nd-graders outside for morning recess. As she turned to lift her shawl from a desk in the rear row, a small hand tugged urgently at her sleeve. At her side, a freckled face framed in braids wrinkled into a frown.

"Sister," said the seven-year-old lass, "I think I need some extra lessons in adding and takeaways."

This kind of increased eagerness to learn is one of the remarkable results of Classroom Electron, a teaching technique that may be the most revolutionary advance in education since the textbook. The method has excited education specialists, because in the face of today's teacher shortage, Classroom Electron multiplies a teacher's talents. In the crowded classroom it permits personal attention instead of cursory treatment of pupils.

The technique is undergoing extensive testing in eight Catholic schools in the South and Midwest, where 500 pupils are blazing trails that tomorrow may become super-highways of learning.

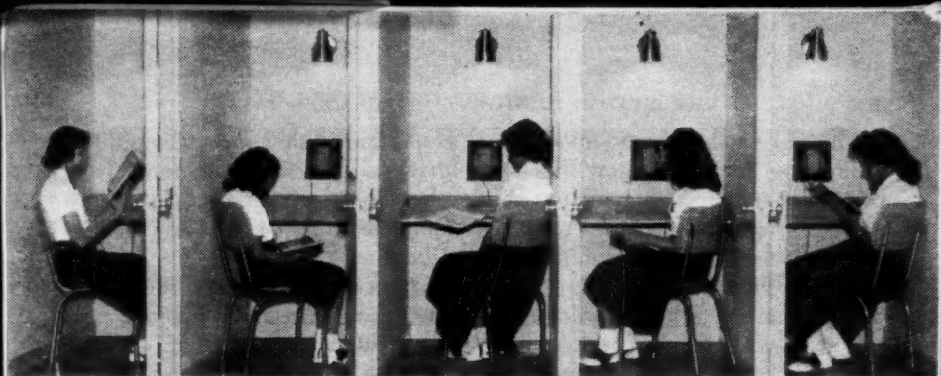
Their guide in this adventure is Sister Mary Theresa Brentano, O.S.B., a dedicated teacher with a doctorate in philosophy and a score of years' teaching experience. Often in that time she has heard parents plead that their children be given more individual attention. But with 35, 40, or more pupils in a class, that is usually a utopian goal.

One day Sister Theresa took an important ride. An errand required her and Mother Mary Walburga Franz, then prioress of the Benedictine Community at St. Scholastica academy, Covington, La., to take a taxi. The driver nonchalantly picked up the microphone of his short-wave radio to tell the dispatcher where he was going.

Idly, Sister Theresa thought how convenient that arrangement was, and how efficient, too. One man could use the radio to serve individual customers by making the best use of each driver.

"By the end of the ride," she recalls, "I was riled up over the thought that business had such tools available while education did not have them."

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. July, 1958. © 1958 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

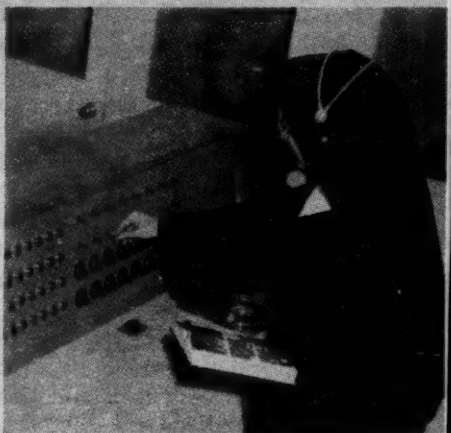


In Classroom Electron's sound-proof booths, students can talk with their teacher by intercom.

The teacher helps one of the students without disturbing the whole class.

While children wearing headsets work on tape-recorded lessons, the teacher is free to help another group with arithmetic.

Photos by Petit's Studio



She asked the driver about his radio: how it worked, how much it cost, how it helped him. Then she smiled as an idea began to take shape. Her idea, that children deserve the benefits of modern electronics as much as business does, has produced what Sister Theresa sometimes calls a "silent symphony" in education.

The system is based on use of a tape recorder with four separate playbacks. Thus it provides, through personal earphones for each pupil, individualized lessons: one for the slow learners, another for average, and the third for above-average pupils in a single class. The fourth can be used for a pupil who was absent the day before, or for special work.

While each pupil is absorbed in his little world of sound, the teacher is free to give individual attention where it is required.

A more elaborate arrangement adds soundproof booths along both sides of the classroom. There, one or two pupils can work undisturbed, hearing taped lessons or helping one another with such things as spelling or language study. The booths have intercoms in addition to the headsets, and, at the flip of a switch, pupils can ask for help. The teacher can listen in on the progress of work without interrupting those in other booths or in the classroom proper.

How effective is Classroom Electron? To find out, 100 youngsters were given standard achievement tests. The group contained a normal

proportion of slow, average, and fast learners. Their only difference from other children was that each had just completed a school year of taped instruction.

One child had gained more than four years instead of the one year expected through regular textbook teaching methods. Eighteen gained between three and four years; 55 gained between two and three years; 25 gained one to two years; and only one was below normal expectations.

Meanwhile, Sister Theresa points out, "The personalities of small pupils were transformed, not only intellectually but in their moral and emotional life. Tendencies to exhibitionism, for instance, fell off as the students discovered true satisfaction in study."

Early indications that results like these could be obtained has led the Fund for the Advancement of Education (Ford Foundation) to aid the project. The second of two grants, totaling \$55,000, will support work in the program until next year.

The Educational Testing service of Princeton, N.J., also has become interested. This organization is trying to discover just how people learn. Experience with the tape-teaching method and a "thinking shorthand" developed by Sister Theresa while grading and evaluating pupil performance has opened promising avenues of research.

Businessmen of Atchison, Kan., (where Sister Theresa is both professor of English at Mount St. Scho-

lastica college and co-ordinator of the entire eight-school program) heard about her work. They broke precedent and asked her to speak at a Rotary luncheon.

"Gentlemen," she began, "I am a teacher, and, like a teacher, I'm going to give you two assignments. 1. I want you to read this brochure about Classroom Electron. 2. I want you to find some way of raising the money to buy the necessary equipment to try it in one of the local public schools."

After hearing her explain the "silent symphony" and describe the results achieved, the Rotarians agreed on the spot to contribute \$3,000 so that in the fall Atchison could have the first public-school system in the country with the revolutionary educational tool.

Sister Theresa is certain that the principle will prove valid in public as well as parochial schools. Through summer workshops, she is helping to train the teachers and serving as a consultant in installation of the equipment. This will include the three principal ingredients of Classroom Electron: a four-deck, heavy duty tape recorder and playback; a control console with switches for each pupil's desk; a set of headphones for each pupil; and concealed wiring to interconnect the entire system.

A typical lesson in Classroom Electron goes like this. The teacher gives an introduction to the subject and covers the basic material in the lesson

for that day. This takes about 20 minutes.

Then she tells the pupils to put on their headsets. Using the switches at the console, she individually "tunes in" each pupil on one of the three tapes (for slow, average, or fast learners).

For the next 20 minutes, the slow learners hear the basic information repeated and explained slowly and carefully. Those who learn at average speed hear additional information and find out how it relates to the basic material. The fast learners are challenged to take the basic material, correlate it with their outside reading or other knowledge, and draw conclusions.

While listening to the tapes, pupils complete work sheets (and correct them) according to instructions, also on tape. The carefully prepared tapes usually need no explanation, but should a child have any difficulty, he can ask for help without disturbing the others.

During the final 20 minutes of the period, the headsets are taken off, and the entire class joins in group discussion.

The tape method avoids one problem of modern schools, where children are divided into groups according to learning speed. Many psychologists hold that a stigma attaches to those in the lower group, and an undesirable air of condescension is engendered in the superior group. Since only the teacher knows which pupil is connected to which tape

in Classroom Electron, this "distasteful distinction," as Sister Theresa calls it, is avoided.

Homework is not eliminated by the method, but parents have commented that there are fewer complaints about it. "Children find that learning is fun," says Sister Theresa, "and homework becomes an adventure in research."

Lest anyone get the idea that Classroom Electron makes teaching a snap, or threatens to make the teacher obsolete, she adds, "This type of teaching brings into play the greatest skills of the teacher. Tapes, of course, must be prepared well in advance, not the night before. They should be prepared during the summer recess, in collaboration with other teachers and under circum-

stances wherein creative teaching is honored."

By June, 1958, 147 tapes had been completed. They covered all subjects in the first three grades, social science and arithmetic for the rest of the elementary grades, and some high-school subjects. New tapes were made and older ones were revised last summer at a five-week workshop for teachers at St. Scholastica college. Participants learned how tapes are made and how they should be used to help the child as an individual.

For, as Sister Theresa points out, Classroom Electron is not a method of mass-producing fact-filled pupils but of equipping children mentally, morally, and psychologically to live worthy, fruitful lives.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

My husband Bill had been assigned a new job in a different city. All arrangements had been made and a moving date decided upon.

Then a northeast blizzard roared in and pounded the eastern seacoast. Ploughs were endeavoring to keep the main highways open, but traffic was hampered. The transportation company advised my husband to try to get out to our new location and clear an area for the moving van.

It meant a 40-mile drive over almost impassable roads, but Bill set out. Shortly after he started, the storm abated and the visibility improved.

When Bill arrived at the new home site four hours later, he discovered that five of the neighbors had pooled their brawn and good will and shovels and cleared an area for the van.

Not one of these people knew us, but they did know that a "new family" was moving in. Bill was invited to remain the night with one of our new neighbors.

Now I never see a snowfall or hear the wind howl without saying a prayer for those five Good Samaritans.

Nona T. Hennessey.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

That Army-Navy Game

*For football pageantry and passion, nothing
beats the clash of the service academies*

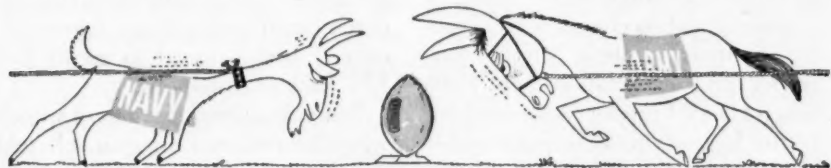
ONE OF THE BIGGEST celebrations in the history of Army-Navy football occurred in 1950. Navy, which had won only two games all season, upset an Army team that had been unbeaten in 28 straight games. The Navy team was being cheered down the main street of Annapolis when head coach Eddie Erdelatz's nine-year-old son looked up at his father and asked, "What's everybody so excited about, dad? Have they forgotten all those games you lost?"

Indeed they had. Victory in the Army-Navy game is the only difference between a successful season and a failure. Earl Blaik, the Army coach, says, "I don't think any game on any schedule is comparable. The rivalry involves the whole nation. That day, no matter where you come from, you take sides."

One of the reasons President Eisenhower has never attended an Army-Navy game is that, as a graduate of West Point, he would have a hard time remaining neutral. He sends a letter of encouragement to West Point every year, signing his name, "Eisenhower '15." At one pre-game rally a few years ago, he addressed the cadets by telephone, urging them on to victory.

In 1944, after Army had beaten Navy and broken a five-game losing streak in the series, Gen. Douglas MacArthur sent a radiogram from the South Pacific: "We have stopped war to celebrate your magnificent success."

Capt. Slade Cutter beat Army almost singlehandedly in 1934 with a field goal that gave Navy a 3-0 victory. But the victory he remembers the best occurred during the peak of



*205 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. December, 1957. © 1957 by Macfadden Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

fighting in Korea in 1950. "My kid sister's husband was with the 5th Marines, who were surrounded by the communists at the Chosen reservoir. I was on board ship and I didn't even feel like listening to the game, I was so upset. But I turned on the radio and heard Navy upset Army. I felt that if our football team could do something like that, maybe the Marines could, too. They did. Every last man got out of that trap."

Way back in 1893, in the third game in the series, a rough battle that was finally won by Navy, 6-4, an aroused brigadier general challenged an admiral to a duel. The game caused such a furor that President Grover Cleveland canceled the series; it wasn't resumed until 1899.

Ranking alongside the passion is the pageantry of the Army-Navy game. When the corps of cadets and the brigade of midshipmen march into Philadelphia's cavernous Municipal stadium at noon, an hour and a half before the game, most of the 102,000 spectators are already in their seats. They don't want to miss the big parade if they can help it.

The pageantry isn't limited to the pre-game parade. It flows over into the game itself, with each side trying to outdo the other in the quantity and quality of its cheers, martial music, banners, posters, stunts, gimmicks, and exhortations. In 1948, when Harry Truman engineered one of the biggest upsets in political history by winning the Presidency, the midshipmen ran up an eye-catching

sign that read, "Gallup picks Army." That year Navy had lost all games while Army had won all, but *the* game, one of the most thrilling in the series, ended in a 21-21 tie.

Since the beginning of the series, Army has won 29 games, Navy 24, and there have been five ties. The score has been even closer in sideline scrimmages, although Army is credited with pulling off the biggest coup of the series by kidnaping the Navy mascot, the goat Bill XIV, in 1953.

That year two separate squads of Army men, each unaware of the other's mission, took weekend leave and headed for Annapolis. One group traveled by sea, in a motorboat. The other went by car, in an enlisted man's convertible. As was fitting, the land squadron got there first. Dressed in civilian clothes, the cadets slipped into the Naval academy, got to Bill's quarters under the football stadium, and made off with him.

The kidnaping created assorted repercussions. The convertible suffered the worst. By the time the kidnapers got back to West Point, the baleful goat had punched holes in the roof of the car, chewed all the seats, and kicked out the rear windows. The cadets had to chip in on the repairs. They didn't mind that so much but it hurt when a lieutenant colonel was assigned to escort Bill XIV back to Annapolis.

The colonel was gracious of speech when he returned the goat. He told the Annapolis crowd, "They say in the army that there are four general

classes of officers—aides, aviators, asses, and adjutants. I am adjutant at West Point, but after playing aide to a goat all day, I feel like a bit of an ass."

Under reciprocal agreement such pranks are now strictly banned. The feeling is that one thing could lead to another, and before long somebody would be hurt.

Both schools try to devise ingenious entrances for their mascots. Two years ago Army put the mules in a big gray van, and put "Join U. S. Navy" on the sides. When the van rolled into the stadium, the midshipmen started cheering wildly, figuring that this was their mascot. Then the van opened, a big "Beat Navy" sign slipped down from the side, and out stepped the Army mules.

The Army-Navy half-time show, which is among the most colorful in college football, is limited to seven and a half minutes for each school, but months of preparation go into it. The cost is a well-guarded military secret. Neither school will reveal any figures, probably in deference to taxpayers' sensibilities. By agreement, each school spends the same amount of money on its floats.

Probably the wackiest stunt that didn't come off was one by the cadets. They constructed a cannon, out of which they planned to shoot a dummy sailor. When the lanyard was pulled in a test, the dummy shot 600 yards into space. "It weighed 100 pounds and was made of steel," says a West Point officer. "If we had

set it off at the stadium, it would have gone into South Philly and probably killed somebody."

Chances are that even if it had Philadelphia would have forgiven the incident. Since 1936, when the game was first played there, it has represented a bonanza to the city. Probably half the crowd that fills the stadium comes from outside Philadelphia and a good percentage of the visitors make a happy spending weekend of it.

Under these circumstances, Philadelphia has always proved a good host, charging a minimal rental fee and letting the service schools handle the various concessions. Ninety-two per cent of Army and Navy's athletic revenue comes from football, and each school gets up to \$500,000 from the big game, including ticket sales, television, food, and parking. Since the service academies get no government money for athletics, this revenue is what maintains the big athletic programs at both schools.

The biggest snafu occurred once when Pinkerton detectives refused the Army football team admittance to the park. "We stood out there for at least five minutes," says Red Blaik. "It seemed like a half hour. We'd stay there and hit at the door, and every once in a while the Pinkertons would peek out at us. Finally they opened the door a crack and three or four of our boys forced it open."

No one is allowed at the game without a ticket, not even the President. Once, some years ago, an Army

officer marched a platoon of MP's up to the stadium and told the men at the gate that his platoon had to get in, "to stand guard over the dignitaries." The officer had no pass and was told to turn around and go back home. Without batting an eyelash, he ordered an about-face and marched off with his men as crisply as he had come.

During the war, when travel was sharply curtailed, the game was played one year at Annapolis (with the cadet corps absent, the middies were ordered to split up and half of them were seated on Army's side to root, listlessly, for an Army win). The next year it was played at West Point, and in 1944, before 66,000 fans at Baltimore in a special war-bond game that netted over \$58½ million in bond sales.

For the cadets and midshipmen, the game is merely a climax. Once the game gets under way, it supplies an emotional release that is welcome to both sides. This holds true for the football squads as well. Says Army's Earl Blaik, "The great difficulty is to play down the emotional stress. The first thing you know the boys have played the game before they get there."

This emotional stress over the big game is likely to affect the nonplaying personnel even more. At Annapolis, a sign over the gym lists the number of days left before the game. The middies are always conscious that the day is drawing ever closer, and the tension is like that of the old-

time silent movie in which the heroine is tied to the railroad tracks. Will she be saved? Will Navy beat Army? Will the boys, in fact, be able to last until game time?

The rallies run for two weeks at both academies. The authorities try to keep enthusiasm within bounds. On the other hand, the boys themselves don't go for rigged "spontaneous" rallies.

Both schools are decked with lights, signs, and bunting before the game. A towering electric sign is lighted atop a mountain peak overlooking the Point. Its six-foot letters proclaim, "Beat Navy." In 1945, an Annapolis raiding party, in collusion with local residents, changed the bulbs to: "Beat Army."

In 1954, a few days before the game, some enterprising cadets chartered a plane and flew over Annapolis dropping leaflets. The middies retaliated the next day with 5,000 leaflets on West Point. They read: "Beat Army. This is a genuine Army sympathy chit. Upon presentation of this chit to any midshipman in Philadelphia following Navy's crushing defeat of Army, bearer is entitled to free and eloquent gestures of sympathy."

Army has one pre-game feature of its own, the annual Thanksgiving morning football clash between the Goats and the Engineers. The Goats are the lowest 40% of the class academically, the Engineers the upper 40%.

The cadets turn out en masse to

watch this classic struggle and root for the Goats. It is a superstition (not precisely grounded in historical fact) that if the Goats beat the Engineers, Army will triumph over Navy.

Both schools react to victory as might be expected, but each has its own tradition. At West Point, after a win, the cadets pull a victory fire wagon loaded with football players up the steep hill to the cadet area.

At Annapolis, as soon as victory has been announced, those midshipmen still on post start ringing the victory bell, a Japanese bell presented to the academy by Commodore Perry in 1858, and the battle bell of the carrier *Enterprise*, which rings for all Navy victories against Army in major sports. Each member of the team gets to ring the victory bell,

once for each point scored against Army. The bells are rung for 24 hours following victory.

Four years ago a naval officer who was teaching at West Point agreed on a bet to put on an army uniform if Army won. Army did win and the officer did appear at the cadet mess in army uniform. He tried to explain why Navy had lost—while the band played and the cadets gave him the raspberry. But it was all done good naturedly, without rancor on either side, and perhaps this, too, is in the tradition of things. For once the game is over and the steam has been let off and a little sanity comes back into the world, the Army people and Navy people can sit down peaceably and do what fans used to do in Brooklyn: wait for next year.



KID STUFF

As my brother, a priest, drove into the driveway of a friend's house their five-year-old son recognized his car and ran to greet him. It was a hot, sultry evening, and Father R— was wearing an open-throat sport shirt.

When the car stopped, the youngster also came to a sudden halt and stared at my brother in amazement. He had never seen a priest without his black clothing and Roman collar. Then, with the impulsiveness of his age, the lad blurted out, "What happened, Father? Did you quit?"

H.A.H.

Jan, aged seven, was told by her teacher that the next day was a holyday and that school would be resumed the day after that. As she bounded into the house she came upon her father, who had been home all week because of a strike at the plant.

"Say dad," she shouted, "guess what? I won't be going to school tomorrow. Sister Cecilia laid us all off until Thursday morning!"

Paul Blancq.

Life at My Fingertips

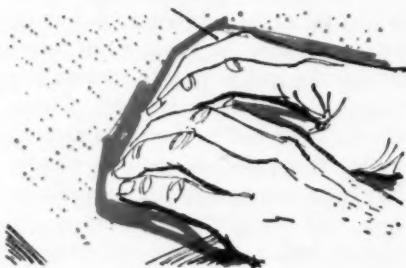
*What it is like to live
without sight or hearing*

I WAS FIVE when I was stricken with cerebral spinal meningitis that took away my sight and hearing. I remember the occasion vividly. It was a morning in early summer. Sunshine flooded the lawns and terraces of Sunnyland St., Pittsburgh, where I lived. I had been playing by myself, chasing June bugs and butterflies up and down in front of the buff and red-brick houses.

I recall a large gray cat with yellow eyes, stretched out on a porch across the street. I never liked cats, and this one especially frightened me. I stared at it, fascinated, but nothing would induce me to go near enough to touch its shining gray fur.

At noon, my mother called me for lunch. Those last pictures have remained with me all my life. Mother came out to the yard and stood behind the hedge. She wore a light print dress; her brown hair was swept backward over her head and bound in a bun at the back.

It was time for my nap, but I was reluctant to leave the sunshine. I protested that I did not feel tired. But



mother insisted that I come in.

My lunch that day was a glass of milk and a thick slice of homemade bread and butter. The depression was on, and it was cheaper to make bread at home than to buy it. One of my happiest memories is that crust: crisp, light-brown, with a faint tint of gold.

After lunch, I went to the living room and lay on the sofa. The curtains were drawn; the room had a dusky light that made me feel drowsy, and I slept. When I awoke, I felt a stabbing pain running up and down my spine, as though someone were thrusting needles deep into my flesh. "Mother! Something is hurting my back," I cried.

Then mother was bending over me, asking what the trouble was. Sunlight sifted in through the curtains, playing across her face. Then

* © 1958 by Robert J. Smithdas and Dana Lee Thomas. Reprinted with permission of Doubleday & Co., 575 Madison Ave., New York City 22. 260 pp. \$4.

everything began to fade. I felt myself sinking into darkness, still crying out with pain, wondering what was happening to me.

Nothing is clear after that. I awoke only once to find myself folded in my mother's arms. We were in a car with two other persons. I caught a glimpse of houses and trees flashing past the windows. The pain was gone, but I felt very tired and weak.

Afterwards I discovered that I had spent nearly three months in the hospital. During most of the time I was unconscious. Once or twice I roused sufficiently to notice trivial things: a nurse in a blue-and-white uniform bending over me, a white pitcher and a glass standing on a tray. These were to be the last visible signs of the world in which I had lived and played.

When I finally regained consciousness, I found myself huddled on a thick feather quilt. Nothing seemed familiar. I thought it was night; but where was the darkness? I remember rubbing my eyes, trying to erase a film that clung to me like mist. What I saw was neither black nor gray, but a thick muddy fog.

My hands groped around me. My mother, who must have been watching me, spoke close to my ear. I felt the touch of her lips. "Bobby, are you all right?"

I asked where I was, why I could no longer see.

"You are home, darling, safe with mother and daddy."

I could sense, somehow, that she was crying. When I placed my fingers on her eyes I felt their wetness.

As I spoke to her, my voice babbled in my right ear, but I could not understand what I was saying. I did not know that I was blind or that I had lost all the hearing of my left ear and most of the hearing of my right one. Even if I had been told that I was deaf and blind, I wouldn't have understood.

The weeks that immediately followed are hazy. I had no sense of time. I slept irregularly, and dreamed of things that belonged to the world I had left: brown fields, bright stars, sunbeams sparkling in the April rain. I saw again the faces of my mother and father, the dearest people of all.

Once again I was playing in the back yard with my sister Ruth, two years older than I. We would be rolling snow into blocks for a snow man.

And there were other memories, too: the funeral procession I held to bury my dead canary; the grave I dug solemnly in our back yard behind the hedge; the drooping flower planted on its resting place. These memories have not faded with the years. Like great roots that cling to the earth, they keep me linked to the life I shall never forget.

Of all this period, the only activity I can recall is my struggle to walk again. During my illness, my left leg had become infected and the doctors were on the point of ampu-

tating it. They finally succeeded in saving the leg, but for several weeks I was badly crippled. I would stumble about, clinging to anything that would support me.

For six months after my illness, I was unable to distinguish between night and day except by the movements of the people around me, the warmth of the sun on my face. Time had no meaning.

I must have been trying to my parents. Sometimes I would awaken at night shouting for food. At other times, since I had no idea of the hour, I would refuse to go to sleep. Sometimes my father, hearing me scream for ice cream at two in the morning, would get up and go searching for a drugstore that might still be open.

Later, I developed an acute fear of darkness. I can't explain why I should have been afraid of the dark when I could not see it. Yet, whenever the warmth of the sun left my face, and I realized that night was coming on, I would cling to anyone who happened to be at hand. Nights as I lay in bed I would break into a sweat, convinced that someone was lurking in the shadows to do me harm.

In time, I began to recognize familiar persons and objects. Our house had wooden floors, and when somebody approached me, the footsteps shook the iron legs of my bed.

AFTER I WAS ABLE to get around, drawers and closets held fascinating secrets. I would open a closet and

examine every article. I would sniff at it, feel the texture, trace the design and shape. If I could not recognize its uses, I would ask someone to explain it to me. This passion for probing extended to my father's tools and my sisters' cosmetics.

Once I managed to climb up to the shelf of an old cabinet. It tipped slightly and I came down in a hurry. When my feet touched the floor, the heavy cabinet was falling. I braced my body against it, pushing it back. Bottles and jars rained down. Hearing my father's footsteps, I fled upstairs and hid.

Gradually, I was able to familiarize myself with a small area outside the house. Although I had been warned not to go out of our back yard, I furtively extended my range until I knew all the landmarks on our side of Sunnyland St. I kept on the sidewalk, sensing when I was straying close to the curb by feeling a slight slant to the pavement. I could tell my direction by the smell of trees, grass, and flowers. I learned to identify houses by the shapes of terraces and hedges. I measured distances by following the edges of lawns with my foot. Because I used my hands to "look" at everything, I was subject to burns, bruises, and splinters.

My speech began to deteriorate soon after I was stricken. With my residual hearing, it was impossible for me to hear myself speak. In time, others spoke to me less frequently since it was so much bother. At first

my parents did not know that I could not hear my own voice. They would ask me why I did not enunciate more clearly. I withdrew more and more into my own shell. Since then, I have not once heard the sound of my voice, and have no true concept of its character.

I was preoccupied with sounds even after I had lost my hearing entirely. I sometimes ran the bow across my sister's violin, merely to feel the vibrations it would produce.

I became aware of the characteristics of the various members of my family by running my hands over them. I had four sisters and a brother. My father worked in a Pittsburgh steel mill, and each day when he came home I would sit on his lap.

Sometimes when he was free for a day he would build small things for me. He made houses, bridges, and churches, all with the same care. From the stray bits which dropped from his saw I would try to contrive little things of my own. But I always failed.

During those years my mother was very close to me. She was plump, and walked with a slight strut. Severely immaculate, she could not bear a speck of dust.

She was my teacher. I would sit for hours at her feet asking all the questions a small child can think of. She would read prayers and stories from the Bible slowly and distinctly into my ear. One day I asked, "Mommy, can I touch God?"

I felt her soft reply. "Yes, Bobby, you can touch God. If you reach out for Him, my darling, you will find Him at your finger tips, waiting to lead you safely through the darkness."

God at my finger tips—so immediate as that? I was astonished. That night as I lay huddled under blankets, trying to subdue my fear of the dark, I pondered this strange answer of my mother's.

One year after my illness, my father brought me to the Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind in Pittsburgh. I recall that morning vividly because it was one of the rare times I enjoyed a trolley ride.

We were ushered into the office of Mr. Joice, the superintendent. I sat quietly, unaware of the conversation that was taking place. I had no inkling why we were there except that my father had business with him.

A few days later, I was taken to the kindergarten. That morning my mother had told me I was going to school, just like my brother and sisters. I was jubilant at the thought that I was about to begin learning all kinds of new things.

I was puzzled because my father was carrying a suitcase. I asked him what was in it, but he wouldn't answer. When we arrived at the school and I had been introduced to Miss Sprinkle, the boys' matron, he took me upstairs to show me my room. Still it did not dawn upon me what all this meant. My father then

left, telling me he would return soon. I believed him. I permitted myself to be led into the schoolroom by one of the teachers.

But by late afternoon when all the other children had gone out into the playground, I began to wonder why my father hadn't come back. I stood in the playroom feeling unutterably lonely. None of the other children paid any attention to me. I began to cry.

Miss Sprinkle took me by the hand and led me out into the warm sunshine of the playground. I was still crying. "When is my daddy coming?" I kept repeating.

I could scarcely eat supper that evening. When one of the older children led me upstairs to my room I undressed in a storm of tears, and, climbing into my cot, drifted into sleep. That night I dreamed of my father. I saw him as I had known him when I had sight: tall, broad-shouldered, dressed in a brown suit, his hat perched jauntily on his head, with that warm smile that seemed characteristic of him.

I was to stay at school Mondays through Fridays; my father would fetch me home for weekends.

During the first few weeks I was bewildered by my new surroundings. Instead of the snug rooms of my home, I found great areas where for many paces I was unable to touch walls or furniture. There were strange men and women whose clothes had an unfamiliar texture.

I was not aware that there was

any difference between me and the other children. I did not realize that the others were only blind, whereas I was deaf and blind.

I was not invited to play with the other boys. I spent most of my time alone, wandering about the grounds, familiarizing myself with everything my hands could grasp. Sometimes I wandered down the front walk to the street below, not knowing that this was forbidden territory. Again, I would find myself in the teachers' tennis court, the basement, or other unlikely places. Often I was able to find my way back again, but sometimes I had to be rescued.

MY KINDERGARTEN teacher, Mary Catherine Clare, was very kind. We children loved to listen to her tales of fairies and giants, and of bad little children who became good again. Every afternoon our class began with an hour of singing. Miss Clare would sit at the piano and describe in music the adventures of a mountain lion.

But I could barely understand the stories Miss Clare told us. My remnant of hearing had the artificial quality of a cheap phonograph. I would squirm in my chair as the story wore on, pleading with Miss Clare to "talk louder."

I looked forward to my first Christmas party in school. Each child was allowed to select one toy. We made our choice weeks in advance. When the great day arrived, we waited in the auditorium for Santa to arrive.

Unable to hear the entertainment, I sat quietly in my chair drifting into sleep. Now and then I would arouse myself and whisper to a nearby companion, "Is it time yet?" When Santa finally came, I shared in the general excitement.

Several weeks after I entered kindergarten, Miss Clare taught me my first lessons in reading Braille. I was first taught through the use of zinc plates and peg boards. The plates were embossed with Braille letters which, after arduous practice, I learned to recognize with my fingers. It took me weeks to recognize the first ten letters of the alphabet and to judge the distance between them.

One morning when the kindergarten year was ending, I awoke with my chest covered with a rash. I had measles. I was put to bed, and became the last pupil to go home for the summer.

I did not meet Miss Clare again until five years after I left kindergarten. Then one day during my 5th-grade term, my teacher told me there was someone to see me. I sensed at once that it was Miss Clare. I was astonished when she groped with her fingers to find mine. Then the truth flashed on me. *Miss Clare was as blind as I.* She had had partial vision when I was in kindergarten. She had since lost her remaining sight. "Bobby," her lips whispered as I read them with my fingers, "now I know what it is to be sightless."

During the summer after I finished the 4th grade, I lost the remaining

hearing in my right ear. I was sitting with my mother in the parlor, playing a game at her feet. I asked her a question. I could not hear her answer and I bent nearer until I felt her breath directly on my ear. Still I heard no reply. My father came over. Both my parents shouted something I could not understand. Then we realized that I was completely deaf.

For weeks I lost nearly all communication with my family. I played by myself in a corner. Whenever I wanted to ask my mother a question I would put my hand on her chin and ask what I wanted to know and she would shake her head "Yes" or "No." I would place my hand on



my father's face to learn whether he was pleased with something I did.

To go back to school seemed impossible. Yet I had no desire to sit home, sealed off in darkness.

My parents, after consulting educational authorities, decided to send me back to the same school. Although I was the only deaf-blind student enrolled and the teachers were not trained to deal with my

problem, they tried to do what they could.

One morning I was called into the office of Mr. Joice. Without any explanation he began to wriggle his fingers in the palm of my hand. He was introducing me to the manual alphabet, a system of finger and knuckle positions of the hand, each position representing a given letter. Mr. Joice began by running my hands over the Braille alphabet letter by letter, and transposing each into the corresponding letter in the manual alphabet. He had me repeat the procedure after him, indicating to me to form each letter as he formed it. We practiced this for an hour; then I was dismissed.

I had not dreamed that such means of communication existed. Upon my return to the classroom, I sat at my desk trying to recall the various positions of the hand in making the letters. Miss Magee, my teacher, came over and "talked" into my hand. We practiced together at a number of sessions. "You're getting along fine, Bobby." Miss Magee would pat me on the head. "Soon you will be able to talk like a veteran."

My total loss of hearing greatly increased the difficulties of daily living. Now when I peeled an orange, or cut a slice of bread, I was conscious of undertaking these actions in a world stripped of one more dimension. Now my fingers were critically important to me. The nerves of my face and feet as well as my hands

provided me with information. I detected changes in the weather by the weight of the air on my face. The air at night is heavier than during the day and the fragrance of the night world is more clearly defined.

My interest in people was not diminished. I judged what the person before me looked like by the size and shape of his cheeks, the formation of his head and lips, the texture of his hair. In shaking hands, I determined by the length of the forearm whether a person was short, medium, or tall. I estimated by his handclasp whether he was gentle, sympathetic, or aggressive. A handshake reveals much about human character: there is a brave handclasp, a weary touch, a sly touch, a clasp full of profound depression.

Gradually I became acclimated to the school routine. I depended upon vibrations and smells to give me an inkling of the passage of time. When I felt the clamor of rising bodies, the impact of arms and legs striking against my desk, I knew it was time to change classes.

My speech difficulty made me unpopular with the other boys. Many of them had partial vision; all had hearing. My habit of feeling and smelling everything irritated them. They called me Smearcase. Before I went deaf I would hear the high-pitched cries when I approached. "Let's go away, fellows. Smearcase is here!"

Sometimes one of the boys would creep up to me, give me a shove, and

run as I went sprawling. Usually I would get to my feet without a word, and walk away. But sometimes I would make quick dashes at my tormentors. Usually I ended up running into a wall.

One Friday morning my brother Bill called for me. "Hurry and get your suitcase, Bobby," he shouted into my ear. "Becksrund Grandma is dead."

"Becksrund" Grandma was my maternal grandmother. Whenever I had gone to visit her and my grandfather in their old house on the hill, I would run my fingers over her embroidered cap and feel her hands for the nuts and pennies she saved for me.

I HAD NEVER been to a funeral before. I was frightened when I was taken into the room where her body lay, and told to kneel beside the coffin. The scent of roses and lilies filled the air. After I had said a short prayer, my father placed my fingers on my grandmother's hands, folded quietly on her breast. They were cold and stiff. I was glad to leave that room in which I had met a silence more profound than the living silence of my own world.

My mother had assured me that God had reached down for grandma in the depths of her stillness and had led her into the living world. But if He had accomplished this for grandma could I have any doubt that He would reach out for me in my isolation? Yes, God was at my finger tips.

Midway in the 5th grade, my ed-

ucation underwent a change. I was summoned to Mr. Joice's office. He told me that since he was unable to provide me with the specialized training I needed, he had arranged to send me to Perkins Institution, in Watertown, Mass.

Classes had already begun when my father and I arrived at Perkins. I felt my Braille watch; it was 9:30. We first met Miss Inez Hall, who headed the department of the deaf-blind. After some conversation with my father, Miss Hall opened a door and directed my hand to a man who must have been waiting in the next room.

"This is Ralph Feliciano, who will be your attendant," Miss Hall said. "Ralph will accompany you whenever you leave the cottage, to your classes, and on strolls through the campus. It is a rule of the school that every deaf-blind pupil must have a seeing attendant."

Ralph guided me out of the main building and along the campus to Tompkins cottage, where I was to stay.

I stumbled as I climbed the spiral staircase. My room had only two beds, one for my attendant and one for me, and a closet for each of us. I was delighted with such privacy.

"There are four cottages on the campus," Ralph explained. "We all live in family groups. You'll like it fine here. Do you skate?"

I shook my head.

"Well, you'd better learn. We have skating on Dead Horse pond.

The boys call it that because a horse is said to have drowned there during Colonial times."

The possibilities of Perkins quite overwhelmed me.

"By the way, Bob, I want you to meet Leonard Dowdy. He is the other deaf-blind boy here. I'm sure you'll get to know him well. He lives just down the hall."

I was tremendously curious about Leonard Dowdy. I had never met another deaf-blind person before.

Leonard came into my room that night immediately after supper. As soon as our mutual shyness wore off, we became great friends. By way of introduction, he invited me to run my hands over him. Soon he was entertaining me with imitations of various animals. My hand caught the vigorous movements of the tiger, bear, pig, and barnyard fowl.

Leonard was 14, two years younger than I, when I arrived at Perkins. He was one of the three deaf-blind pupils at the school; the other two were girls. He had lost his sight and hearing from spinal meningitis at the age of 21 months. Leonard had come to Perkins at five, and his sunny disposition had won everybody.

Leonard's enthusiasm acted as a tonic on me. He had been brought up in ignorance that he was different from other people, and he enjoyed life with abandon. Indeed, his exuberance had the teachers constantly worried. One night, he climbed out of the window of his room, hoisted himself to the roof, and walked

along the ledge, singing. While the teachers stood by terrified, two night watchmen climbed out onto the ledge and brought him to safety.

Miss Hall, the speech expert, gave me my first lesson a few days after my arrival. "Bob, the first step in getting you to articulate clearly will be to discontinue the manual alphabet." She paused. "I am going to teach you to hear me speak by reading the vibrations of my voice with your fingers. In learning to read me, you will develop the means for speaking clearly yourself."

Miss Hall placed my hand on her face so that my thumb pressed against her lips, my index finger ran alongside her throat just under the line of the jaw. I felt the vibrations of her larynx as her lips moved slowly and deliberately, forming words against my thumb. Then, indicating to me to withdraw my thumb and fingers, she explained in my hand what she was trying to accomplish. "In reading speech, Bob, you will learn to think in terms of vibrations just as other people learn to think in terms of language."

Painstaking hours would be needed to learn to read even the simplest sentences. That first afternoon, Miss Hall spoke into my thumb and fingers for nearly an hour. I was not accustomed to hold my hand in such an unusual position, and the muscles of my shoulder began to throb. But as the lessons continued, my muscles strengthened, my fingers grew less weary.

I gradually became skillful at speech reading, but only under certain conditions. I found, for instance, that I could not read lips outdoors in very cold weather, since the colder the fingers, the less receptive they are to vibrations. To this day, my success at lip reading varies with the individual.

I find a New England or a Midwestern accent easy to read, because it is close clipped; the Southern accent is much more difficult because it is soft and open. Women's voices are easier to read than men's because of their higher rate of vibration.

Lip reading opened up an entirely new world to me. For the first time I was able to appreciate with my fingers the changing relationships of the voice and facial expression. I learned that anger, for instance, is a very generalized emotion; the voice becomes harsher and often rises in pitch; the mouth tightens; the head thrusts forward; the body becomes rigid.

But what fascinated me most was the action of smiling. I loved to observe people smile; to feel how their bodies lost tension, their cheeks rounded, their whole attitude changed to one of relaxation. However, I also noted that some people laugh without mirth.

I discovered, too, that there are distinct kinds of smiles: the smile that pulls the corners of the mouth upward, and the smile that turns them downward. Those whose smiles curl

upward at the corners are usually the happiest.

Upon my arrival at Perkins, I was given individual instruction in all my studies, something a deaf-blind student absolutely requires. By degrees, I regained the confidence I had lost. The teachers made studying fun. Mr. Burke, who taught me commercial arithmetic, developed my powers of calculation by having me compute the batting averages of Stan Musial, Joe DiMaggio, and Ted Williams.

My social contacts at Perkins were rich and satisfying. My loneliness of other years was greatly lessened by activities and friendship. Leonard Dowdy and I were together much of the time, doing forbidden things. We would climb the pine trees in front of our cottage, and in autumn, at the height of the apple season, we would steal into the orchard behind the director's office and pick ripe apples.

After months of shyness, I began to mingle with others, and made some firm friends. We spent many hours at night in bull sessions, discussing the circumstances which had brought us to Perkins. One boy had been hit by a snowball, and had developed a blood clot on the optic nerve; another had been playing with a stick of dynamite in his father's garage. Another boy had lost his sight, as I had, through spinal meningitis.

Still another had been stabbed in the eyeball with scissors while play-

ing with a school chum. Several had developed eye infections, and had gone blind when their parents, through ignorance, had failed to consult a doctor. Others could have had their sight conserved if they had entered sight-saving classes in time. A few were born blind, and had no visual memories whatsoever.

During my senior year I became close friends with Miss Alice Carpenter, my English teacher. I have never met any person who displayed Miss Carpenter's enthusiasm for life, her eagerness to learn and develop new interests, and her willingness to share her experience with others.

I always enjoyed her classes. I loved to read poetry. As early as the 3rd grade I had written my first childish verses. Poetry let me explore with mental eyes many variations of the physical world.

The most important single happening at Perkins was my graduation. It took place in June, 1945, when I was 20.

My family came up from Pittsburgh to attend commencement. The night of the prom was permeated with that peculiar softness characteristic of early summer.

I felt awkward in a stiff white shirt and dinner jacket. I kept reaching down again and again to feel the silk stripes that ran up and down my legs to see if they were still there.

Now that I had finished my work at Perkins, what about the future? There was no profit in worrying. As the Chinese say, "The journey of

1,000 miles begins with a single step." I'd have to be patient.

AFTER MY GRADUATION I was admitted to the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn, N. Y., for vocational training.

But before leaving for Brooklyn, I spent several weeks with my family in Pittsburgh. It was pleasant to be home again. My married sister Olga had two children. I enjoyed romping with my niece and nephew and telling them stories. I sat in the warm sun with them and repeated old fairy tales I remembered from my own childhood.

Sometimes the children would ask for a ghost story, and I would improvise: "Once upon a time there was a little girl named Mary who went to the store for a butter dish. . . ." We would huddle together, and I would lower my voice, holding their attention till the very end.

Peter Salmon, director of the IHB, was himself blind. I was to discover that several other IHB executives were similarly handicapped. The IHB was proving by the achievements of its own staff that handicapped men could be usefully employed.

While we were eating in the cafeteria of the home, my father remarked, "There's a deaf-blind boy sitting next to you, Bob. Why don't you say something to him?" I reached over and touched him on the arm. "Hello," I spelled into his hand. "What is your name?" He took my wrist and raised my fingers to the level of his

eyes, and I realized that he could see a little.

"I am Oram Stone. What's yours?" He used the manual alphabet.

"Bob. Have you been here very long?"

"I came here last July. I work in the mats."

I was puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I make rubber mats. We turn them out in the workshops upstairs."

Oram, a husky young man in his middle 20's, was to be my roommate for the next two years. He was always asking questions. This habit was due to his narrow sphere of interests; he could not read Braille and he had no pastimes. But he was always willing to help other deaf-blind men with what little vision he retained. He had some hearing in his right ear.

Oram was completely honest. If I happened to drop something in my room, he would find it and return it to me. Once, after he had given me back a quarter, I asked, "Why didn't you keep it?"

He seemed puzzled. "It's not mine."

"But you could spend it for something; no one would know."

"I don't need it. Why do you tell me to keep it?"

I had to give up the argument. Oram had that kind of moral sense which dictates to the saints.

In the workshops, I learned to wind brooms, fold tape around heavy yarn, propel the cumbersome ma-

terial under the swiftly moving needles of the electric sewing machine. It pleased me to take my place on the production line with the other workers, to feel the rhythm of the machines. The 2nd World War was in its final stages, and most of the orders were government contracts. Our work had to meet rigorous standards.

One day Mr. Keane, the assistant director, asked me to help in an experiment to determine the peak of production in our shop for the weaving of rubber mats. In a short time I passed the average; one day I made 65 mats in five hours. Mr. Keane called me into his office.

"My boy, you've done better than excellent. You've set a record for the shop."

At first, I never left the premises alone, because I lacked experience in traveling with a cane. I discovered, however, that many of the sightless men traveled about safely, even our deaf-blind men. Some of our men did not live in the home, but with their families. They came to work each morning and left each afternoon; it struck me as incredible that they could be so nonchalant about walking around the streets by themselves.

I became increasingly restless: I wanted to go out to stores for what I needed; I hated having to ask someone else. But it was only when I learned to use a cane that I solved my problem.

(To be concluded)

Non-Catholics are invited to submit questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER

To the Editor: My question would take pages if I were to ask it properly, but I'll try boiling it down to a few lines.

Being of the Jewish faith, I always felt that mine was the true religion. I have many reasons for feeling this way, among them being the fact that God made us his chosen people, that He gave us the Ten Commandments, etc. I feel, too, that Catholicism basically is built upon many Jewish moral principles, differing only in our concepts of Jesus.

Perhaps my question shows ignorance, of which I have a tremendous amount. But I often wonder, why, in view of what I have just mentioned, Catholics refer to Catholicism as the true Church or religion—rather than Judaism.

Louis Penesick, Pod. D.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

We say, Dr. Penesick, that Catholicism, rather than Judaism, is the true religion, because we are using the present tense rather than the past. On that Pentecost Sunday when the Holy Spirit came upon the Apostles there were in Jerusalem a variety of Jews, "devout men from every nation under heaven."

If they had looked toward the Temple, they might have said, "There stands the symbol of the true religion of God; it has brought the

Lord's message to us and preserved the true faith, in the midst of idolatry, for at least 15 centuries." And then if they had turned to listen to the Apostles, speaking of Jesus in their various languages, they might have said with equal accuracy, "Those are the men who preach the true religion of God; they and their successors will bring the Lord's message to us and preserve the true faith in the midst of heresy and materialism for all time to come."

That was the moment when the old truth was blending with truth newly learned, to form that total ver-

ity which is God's complete revelation to us. At that time there was little need for concern about tenses. Judaism did not suddenly cease to be true; it was simply being absorbed into a greater truth. But once it had refused to be absorbed it became only partial truth, which is never entirely true, and so is partly false. And from that time on we must watch our tenses if we would speak precisely.

In other words, Doctor, I am in complete agreement with much of your letter, except for a few changes in verb forms. Your Jewish faith was the true religion. God made you his chosen people; He gave you the Ten Commandments and constant signs of his personal love and care for you. And Catholicism is indeed built on Jewish principles, not only in morality, but in every basic phase of man's relationship with God.

The difference between us you indicate rightly, but I would state it with added force. Jesus makes all the difference: between continuing truth and growing falsehood, between past and future, between the expectation and the fulfillment. His life on earth was the focal point of the world's history; backward He looked at the truths of Judaism; forward He looked at his own truths of Catholicism; in the past, man was hopeful of Jesus' coming; in the future, man would rejoice in his presence.

Pope Pius XI gave the key to correct Catholic thinking on Judaism, when he said, "Through Christ and in Christ we are all of the spiritual

lineage of Abraham. Spiritually we are all Semites."

In meditating these words we might keep in mind the following points.

1. The basic unity of the past, present, and future of all history. In the natural order of things there may be abrupt transitions and sharp turning points, but the past always blends into the present, showing its causes and explaining its meaning; and the present will become the future, often surprisingly, because man is not entirely predictable, but always with cause and continuity.

2. In his supernatural dealings with man, God seldom upsets the natural order. He rather elevates it to serve his higher purposes. So it should not surprise us that there is unity in the Old and New Testaments. They are one and true; both are the word of God, and He does not contradict Himself. His revelations to man were often progressive, to fit man's growing comprehension, but the new facts He told fitted onto the old and were one with them.

In the early days of Christianity, a Gnostic named Marcion came to Rome from the Black sea, and set up a church of his own. He differed from true Christians by rejecting the Old Testament. To him the God of the Jews was not the same as the God revealed by Christ; the one was cruel and just; the other was loving and merciful. Marcion taught that the Lord God of Israel was real, but a sort of demiurge, definitely inferior

to the God from whom Jesus came.

The Church strongly condemned Marcion and his teachings, and later declared, "If anyone says or believes that one is the God of the Ancient Law and another the God of the Gospels, let him be anathema."

3. For many long centuries Israel was the only guardian of the light of God's truth, which flickered faintly in a world of dark errors.

4. The children of Israel were the people specially loved and chosen by God. They were his own people, and their religion came directly from Him.

5. They prepared the world for its Saviour, and were the instrument of salvation for us, by bringing us our Saviour. And then they largely rejected the blessings they had brought to others.

6. They are blood relatives of the Son of God. Jesus is a direct descendant of Abraham and David; his Mother was a Jewish maiden.

7. The truth which Jesus taught is a completion and refinement of the truths which the children of Israel gave to the world through the centuries. Precious little, if any, of the doctrine of Christ is without plain roots in the Old Testament.

It was furthest from the mind of Christ to declare war on the God of Israel; rather He proclaimed Him as his own Father. It was his purpose to make Yahweh better known and loved, and to extend his reign to the whole world. For Christians, He remained the God of Justice, even

while giving proof of his love; and for Israel He had always been a God of Love, even while they feared his vengeance. For Israel, He was the God who promised redemption; for Christians, He is the God who became man to bring that redemption. And the Holy Spirit which enlivens the Church today is the same Spirit of God that inspired the prophets.

There is only that one basic difference between us, Dr. Penesick, but it is an all-pervading difference, the most stupendous truth of all time: that God became man and was known on earth as Jesus. We must never minimize that truth, but once we have set it forth starkly and saliently, there is no reason why we should fail to recognize the close spiritual affinity between your faith and ours, and our reasons for mutual charity.

1. Israel represents, historically, the supernatural viewpoint. God's chosen people lived close to Him, and He communicated with them directly by word and sign. He lived in the midst of them and often made his presence known in miracles of protection and in the lightning strokes of his punishments. He inspired the writers of their Scriptures and gave direct revelations to their prophets. And his plan for them was most supernatural of all: they would provide the link between God and man; through them God would become man; they would provide his race and his homeland, and the setting for the redemption.

2. Israel represents faith. Its history began with the faith of Abraham; and it fought through the centuries to keep its faith pure from the attacks and infiltrations of surrounding idolatry.

3. Israel represents hope. Long centuries of Messianic longing sustained it in its trials, and provided a persistent thread of confidence in a world of discouragement, destruction, and exile. The hope and the promise of Israel gave a theme of purpose to pagan centuries in which existence was otherwise aimless.

4. Israel represents love. Its people were intimately loved by Yahweh, who chose, protected, prodded, and punished them, sent them his prophets, and called them his own sons. And the children of Israel loved their God; they feared Him at times with terror and trembling, but they knew his anger was just, and they loved Him in the midst of their fear and never forgot his goodness. He was the God who had brought them out of Egypt's bondage and into the Land of Promise; no other people had a God so close to them; no other had a God so good and strong.

5. Israel represents redemption and salvation. I have already noted this; but I am not being entirely facetious when I mention that the chosen people of Yahweh had a certain flair for the price of ransom right from the beginning. Abraham bargained with the Lord, and from a first offer of 50 just men, he talked Him into sparing the cities of Sodom

and Gomorrah for the sake of ten. And Moses offered himself as ransom for those who had sinned by worship of the golden calf. It was only when Jesus paid the final price that there was no quibbling about the ransom.

6. Israel represents the fumbling faithfulness, the recurrent repentance, and the frequent forgiveness which has continued through Christian history. And Israel was the vehicle for bringing that frequent forgiveness to us.

7. Israel represents the closeness of ties of blood. Jesus will never forget his Semitic Mother, and He will not be pleased if we spurn her people, and his. Spiritually we are all Semites, but racially He is a Jew. The blood of the Jew was in his veins; the blood of the Jew redeemed us.

The modern Jew is a direct descendant of the Israelites who represent all these things. So, Doctor, our kinship to them should be evident.

We, as Catholics, represent the supernatural; and sometimes in the modern world we seem rather lonely at it. Our religion is based on a supernatural revelation; our hope of salvation rests on God's direct and personal intervention to redeem and sanctify us; we are prepared for heaven by the supernatural life of his grace; and we hope for eternal happiness in the vision and love of Him. All these things exceed the natural, even as the miracles which

(Continued on page 128)

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This is true-group hospital and surgical insurance, which five years ago was regarded by insurance companies as fantastic and unattainable.

WHO FORMED THIS PLAN

What has made this possible? A group called the AARP (American Association of Retired Persons). A non-profit organization made up of retired people just like you . . . from

all walks of life . . . with common senior-age problems. A group who recognized the necessity of high-level well-being of older persons, and of providing for their economic needs—and did something about it.

AARP is a non-profit, educational, philanthropic, organization serving all senior persons. Incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, its activities include research, counseling, correspondence, and a bi-monthly publication, in addition to this group hospital-surgical plan.

AARP's appeal is universal. Whether employer, employee, partially employed, or not employed at all, professional, homemaker, wife or mother.

A MESSAGE from DR. ETHEL PERCY ANDRUS, President of AARP

"When we retire, the kind of insurance that helps pay medical bills generally ceases—even the group coverage we took for granted does not long survive our employment. But doctors and hospitals still have to be paid. Where will the money come from to pay these bills, that good sense tells

us may come sooner or later?

"This invitation to your continued security in retirement is an invitation to join a service which will play an important and comforting part, by supplying you with money to help pay your medical costs when you need it most."

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FEATURES OF AARP INSURANCE

1. *No physical examination is required.*
2. *No age limit.* 65, 75, 90, even 100 years of age, you'll be equally welcome in this plan.
3. *Cannot be cancelled.* The contract cannot be cancelled for you individually while the master contract is operating and you continue to pay your premiums.
4. *Pays exclusive of other insurance.* The entitled benefits are paid in full, regardless of other coverage.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO . . .

This hospital-surgical insurance is available only to members of AARP, and no member of AARP, 65 or over, can be denied this protection. Members are also entitled to a year's subscription to Modern Maturity (AARP's own bi-monthly publication), and all associated services.

You are eligible for membership in AARP if you are over 65. There are no other qualifications!

Annual dues of AARP are two dollars, but . . .

SEND NO MONEY!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT AARP INSURANCE

Q: *What are the exceptions to the coverage?* **A:** Illness or injuries caused by war or those covered by Workmen's Compensation or Occupational Disease Law; confinement in any VA or government owned or operated hospital.

Q: *Do I continue to get paid if I go into the hospital more than once?* **A:** There is no restriction as to the number of times you may enter the hospital for different causes. Claims for the same or related cause need only be separated by six months.

Q: *Why is it an advantage to join a group plan?* **A:** It makes for low administration costs and spreads the insurance risk. These savings are passed along to you in the form of lower premiums.

Q: *Who backs this plan?* **A:** One of our nation's largest insurance companies, licensed in all 48 states, who, in 61 years has paid out over one billion dollars in benefits.

Mail this coupon NOW, and we will send you further details about AARP and its unique Group Hospital-Surgical Plan...plus *absolutely free*, the current copy of our Official publication MODERN MATURITY. You'll find it packed with interesting articles and pictures, on health, travel, retirement, hobbies and employment. So don't wait . . .

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(Continued from page 125)

we accept, the sacraments which nourish us, and the Mass with which we worship God.

In a world which lives by the natural, and sometimes even forgets the spiritual part of nature, we should feel a warm affinity for a people who have a tradition of the supernatural.

Our religious lives are firmly based on faith, bolstered by hope, and animated by love. And in sharing these virtues with the children of Israel we are likely to share also the hatreds and persecutions which were constant in their lives. To them as to us, the enmity often comes from those who lack knowledge and belief in the Lord God, who have no hope of salvation from Him, and who love only themselves. But sometimes to both of us it comes from cousins, like the Samaritans, who have departed from part of God's law.

But if we share similar persecutions we should be vigilant lest we inflict them on each other. It is basic Christian teaching that the human race is one; that God created all men, and loves them each and every one; that Jesus Christ died for all, and wants all to be saved. Our Master has commanded that we love our neighbor, that we love even our enemies.

That man departs far from the teachings of Christ who makes dis-

tinction in his love by reason of race, color, nationality, or creed. Charity begins at home, but it does not stop at the threshold; it goes over the tracks and beyond the frontier. But if we love the pagan, the foreigner, and the materialist, we should love even more those who share with us traditional belief in the one true God and who gave us our Redeemer—even though they will not share their own gift with us.

We know, Doctor, that it has not always been thus. The history of Judaeo-Christian relations has not always been happy. Historically we have sometimes practiced segregation and imposed second-class citizenship. Vestiges still remain. While we deny any part or pact with Hitler, the nazi persecutions did come from those who pertained to the Christian tradition. Maybe the culmination of shame which followed them has started a trend in the opposite direction.

One hint of hope is found in the Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies, at Seton Hall university, which functions under the direction and inspiration of Father John M. Oesterreicher, and publishes each year a volume of studies by Jewish and Christian scholars under the title, *The Bridge*: for a "bridge links two shores, spans an abyss, opens a road for communication; it is thus an instrument of peace."

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half the people are right more than half the time. E. B. White.



Father Bussard

The Case of the Student Salesman



Some people have the idea that a school child should not be allowed to sell a subscription to a magazine. They think it demeaning or detrimental to his health or something like that. The same people think a newspaper-carrier job, however, is a wonderful thing, even though the carrier works early in the morning and late at night 365 days a year.

I, on the contrary, think it is a good idea for a child in school to sell a subscription to a magazine, and I have a personal reason I'd like to tell you about, aside from the fact that I direct the Decency in Reading Program.

I was born in Essex, Iowa, 54 years ago. In Essex there lived about 500 people, and exactly ten of them were Catholics. Those ten were my parents, my five brothers, two sisters, and me.

After I had managed to pass through five grades of the public school, my family moved to Marshall, Minnesota. We came up on a train. It was my first train ride, and I ran up and down the aisle like any other kid.

At Marshall I entered the 6th grade of the Catholic school, fell in love with Sister Adeline, and became an altar boy. One day I found myself faced with the task of selling a subscription to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. I can't remember how it came about, and I certainly never knew how the people at the *Messenger* ever persuaded Sister Adeline to persuade me to sell a subscription to the magazine. But it happened, and there I was out to become a salesman.

Across the street from us lived the Tholen family. Lambert Tholen was about my age, and we used to get into deviltry together rather regularly. So I went over to see Mrs. Tholen. I think she might have liked me; and I'm sure I liked her, especially after she bought a subscription and sat down in the kitchen with me while I ate the enormous piece of pie she gave me.

Now the point of the story is the way I afterwards felt about the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. I read it afterwards, of course (it seems I had also sold a subscription to my mother), but I regarded myself as being part of the staff. I didn't know an editor from an elephant, but, if I had, I fancy I would have played at being an editor.

That feeling of partnership remains with me even now when I think THE CATHOLIC DIGEST is better than the *Messenger* (if my friends there will forgive me).

Furthermore, if anyone should ask me what the human factors were which led to my vocation I would line them up like this: Sister Adeline, the altar-boy business, and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. So it is going to take a lot of persuasion to persuade me that selling a subscription to a magazine is not good for a little boy going to school. Or a girl, for that matter.

Father Bussard

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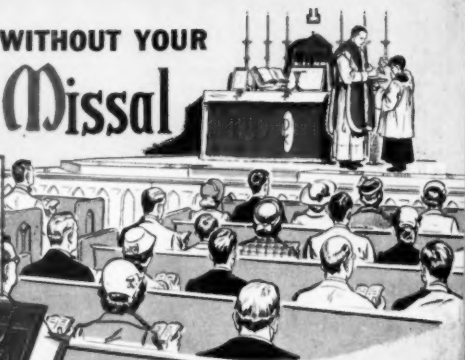
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